# INSIDE VIEWS OF MISSION LIFE

By ANNIE L. A. BAIRD

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# Foreword

My chief hesitation in attempting a short description of life on the mission field, together with some suggestions as to the inner workings of the missionary's mind, heart and soul as they are wrought upon in the daily grind of service, is the fear that some friend or acquaintance may imagine that he or she has been made use of to point a moral or adorn what would otherwise be a dull tale. As a matter of fact, no added scintillation to these pages would repay me for a hurt dealt to a single friend. If anything that may be said seems to come close to the center of that world around which the personality of each of my readers revolves, the reason may be found in the fact that the inward and outward experiences of those engaged in the same line of work are apt to be very much alike, and you, if you look into your heart and life, are very likely to find there much the same things that I find in mine.

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## CHAPTER I

### MISSIONARY TEMPTATIONS

From the standpoint of our home friends, who often mourn over us with a good deal of misapplied solicitation, doubtless the first chapter in a book of this sort ought to be headed "Missionary Trials." Some trials fall to our lot in common with the rest of mankind, and these may come up for consideration in a later chapter, but in the mind of no real missionary do they occupy a prominent place. Something more trying than trials is apt to claim our attention soon after disembarking upon the foreign shore where our days are to be spent, and the attack is often all the more grievous because it is unexpected. Many of us are apt to imagine that—having once made the great decision to follow Christ to the ends of the earth—we will have entered upon a high plane of spiritual being where ordinary temptations are unknown. We fail to take into consideration that—of the ancient trinity of soul-enemies, the world, the flesh and the Devil—only

the first is partially left behind. Not one of us, as some one has said, is able to leave the home part without the brazen companionship of Satan and self, and one of the first forms that the subtile one assumes is suggested to the conscious heart of every mission worker by the phrase, "Old and new missionaries."

The reason is not far to seek. We reach the mission field after years of preparation for our life work. Perhaps we have had some experience in the pastorate or other active Christian work, or we may have spent some years in the schoolroom and have grown accustomed to deference and the exercise of authority. Now we find ourselves in the position of a beginner at the very alphabet, literally and metaphorically. Our past record counts for little. Our opinions, based on experiences with men and things at home, may have been valuable there, but here we find no one greatly impressed with them. In fact, we lose confidence in them ourselves when we have been awhile in the Orient. In marked contrast to our inefficiency, the body of the older missionaries confronts us, displaying what seems like an amazing acquaintance with the language and pursuing their various occupations with the calmness of conscious power. The situation is unexpected and bewildering, and Satan is quick to see his opportunity. "I'm fairly beset," cried a young missionary almost with tears. "I had no

idea that I should feel at such a disadvantage with all the rest of you."

Two courses are open to us at such a time. We may take the position that we are justified in the curious mixture of feelings which well up in our hearts. "These old fellows," we say, "have the whole earth and they want to keep it. They have had control of the situation too long. They are not willing to make room for younger men." And so we wait with what patience we can until a few years have passed, and then we proceed to show the old fellows that we are a force to be reckoned with, and that the mission has really been waiting for us all these years. But this course, if pursued, will inevitably bring us up against another old fellow who has a way of turning the tables on us in the end, and that fellow is Father Time. After—comparatively—a few short years we ourselves sit in the seat of the elders, and have the opportunity to look on at the workings of young hearts with a flash of late comprehension that brings the color of shame to our cheeks. How plain it all is now! We thought it was justifiable resistance to a sort of oppression, zeal for the right, a proper standing up for our rights, and we behold it stripped of its pretty names and showing itself for the thing that it really is,—resentment at conscious helplessness, some envy and a good deal of self-assertiveness and personal ambition!

But there is another course—and I am happy to say that, as far as my observation goes, the large majority of young missionaries choose it in preference to the other—to take one's stand on the comfortable conviction that our seniors in the service are entirely ready to grant the fact of our ability and that it only remains for us to prove the possession of ability by diligent mastery of our profession. From the standpoint of the older missionaries, I suppose there are few indeed who do not look forward to the advent of fresh young life from America in high hopes of something better, brighter and more promising in every way than they themselves have been able to contribute to the common stock. And more often than not the young missionary finds himself, from force of circumstances, loaded up with work long before he should be so busy, in justice to his ultimate and highest usefulness.

At the same time it is true that older men and women may easily form the habit of expecting that, because they have been accustomed to occupy certain places of trust and responsibility, they will always continue to do so; or they may assume to themselves a place of privilege over those newer on the field; or they may be misled into a repellent attitude to any expression of opinion adverse to their own; and they may even take the position, in committee meeting or elsewhere, that others must of necessity yield to their will.

All this is a pity, because there is always a strong probability that a generation will arise that knows not Joseph, and if it finds us unprepared to recognize the fact, our feelings may be hurt. It is much better always to hold ourselves in readiness to make room for the newcomer, and to learn what we can from him; never to take the position—even in thought—that because we arrived earlier in the field, we are entitled to rights and privileges that others may not enjoy.

In a word, let us be humble. It is a beautiful thing to see a missionary, crowned with years of service and the honorable recognition of his brethren, who yet esteems it his privilege not to grasp and keep all the honors he can get, but to share freely with others, to acknowledge the ability of younger men, and their natural desire to take a full part in the duties, responsibilities and honors of station and mission. Such a man will take no pride in being one of a little oligarchy of very efficient men, well trained in all the machinery of the mission, but his ambition will be the thorough training and efficiency of his mission as a whole. And what a royal opportunity he has of making himself beloved!

A temptation to which older missionaries may easily yield is that of resorting to small political methods to accomplish their purposes. Long acquaintance with conditions on the field and with the prejudices and weaknesses of our fellow work-

ers makes it possible for us to make use of them to bring about our own ends in ways that are more or less covert. For instance, we may make it a practice to cultivate young missionaries with an eye to forming their views on mooted questions. Or we may fall into the habit of securing —as far as we are able—the appointment on committees of only those people who we know can be counted on to represent our particular views. More than one missionary in more than one field has found himself tempted to resent bitterly the action of a so-called majority of station or mission, because he knew that it had been secured, not by arguments and means which were or could be employed in open meetings, but by buttonhole sessions and wire-pulling devices by which prejudices had been appealed to and weaknesses taken advantage of. Few people are willing to be made tools of and few people ought to stoop to make a tool of another. Such methods may pass for a time for tact or policy, but in the end they will seem more like political chicanery. Our ideas may seem to us exactly right and much better than anything proposed by other brethren, but if they cannot be carried through wholly in an open and aboveboard way they had better be dropped.

I do not mean by this that any private conversation between missionaries on mission subjects is necessarily underhanded. Often a few moments

of quiet talk will open up a subject to an inquiring mind as hours of public debate could not do. But we should be careful not to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by private conversation to resort to any line of representation that would not bear the light of publicity. Anything like an attempt to put a newcomer "next" to the weaknesses or faults of a fellow missionary and thus create a prejudice against him, ought to be considered beneath us all. These things were pointed out to me years ago by a fellow missionary. Perhaps he thought that I needed the reminder. At any rate, I have never forgotten it.

A good way to ward off this variety of temptation from the start is to leave all party spirit behind us when we come to the field. "My country, right or wrong," is a type of sentiment not very noble, here or elsewhere. If we are so unfortunate as to find parties existing in our mission when we arrive, let us avoid all partisanship until we have secured our bearings, and then if we are wise we will continue to avoid it. This extends to the relation between station and mission. Loyalty to one's station is a goodly thing within bounds, but it is possible to press it so far that it becomes disloyalty to the mission at large. Dearer to us than the welfare of any one station should be that of the whole mission with which we are connected. Let us set our whole hearts

from the time we join our mission upon helping it to attain and maintain that condition of perfect unity described as "right feeling toward God and man." This is not equivalent to saying, "Let us all think alike." No one since the days of the Inquisition has really started out to accomplish such a consummation on any large scale, and even if this were possible, it would be accompanied with great loss, for all that it would mean in the final analysis would be that some one person would tell us what to think, and we should get the benefit of the judgment of the one individual only instead of the whole. Differ from each other we probably will, but there is a way of doing it without contention and in the spirit of love. In striving after this it will help us to remember that we have no monopoly of the Spirit's guidance. Others are as likely to be led of him as we, and it is quite possible that, though thinking we are right, we may yet be wrong.

Another help in any strivings we may make after that state of union with our brethren described above as right feeling, is to get rid of a certain other commodity which too often slips in with our luggage, and that is personal ambition. It is astonishing to what extent this "mounting devil" attempts to rule the thoughts and motives of the best—no less than the worst—of us. Like a fly in the dried currants, he likes to get himself mistaken for better things and enjoys being called

by such euphemisms as "natural desire to excel," or "proper pride," but a little close inspection will bring to light the mark of the beast.

George Washington is said to have been a model for us in this as well as other respects, in that he was "absolutely without personal ambition," and the Father of His Country has some humble followers on the mission field. I recall a missionary who arrived on the field after an unusually long and evidently successful career at home. We waited with some concern to see whether or not he would be able to adjust himself to changed conditions, but all anxiety was dispelled when it was known that he was accustomed to pray that he might ever be willing to occupy a secondary place. No place occupied by such a man could be called secondary in any real sense. Room for right ambition the missionary had to a boundless extent, because he had within himself at least one of the elements of true greatness, namely, humility. But his ambition was for God and for the advancement of his cause through every human agency. As for self, he was not ambitious one moment. The old Moravians knew the human heart when they put into their liturgy the petition, "From the desire of being great, O Lord, deliver us!" And only a little Christian experience is required to know that in narrow circles such as we have in the mission field nothing but heartburnings and un-

holy disturbance of the whole working body can arise from any contest for leadership.

The spirit of a hireling is something for missionaries to shut the door against resolutely. This spirit may manifest itself in several ways. A man may indulge himself in the feeling that, —having given what he regards as a reasonable number of hours to his school or hospital ; in other words, having accomplished as a hireling his day, —he is justified in shutting out the natives and their claims for the remainder of his waking hours and devoting the time to sports, promiscuous reading or social enjoyment. This is to take the position of an employee who has no interest in the enterprise beyond drawing his daily wage and rendering his daily equivalent. The same spirit shows itself in a disposition to criticize the board and to resent the fact that we are under authority. No missionary can do this without great spiritual loss to himself. We see the same thing in unruly children, in schoolboys and among hired men and women, but to find it in the church at home and among Christian missionaries on the field comes as an unpleasant surprise. Boards, being composed of human units, are doubtless capable of error, but the same thing may be said of the missions that represent them, and the one thing ever to be borne in mind is that the interests of the two bodies are identically the same. One cannot be undermined or injured in any way

without detriment to the other. Corporations may be ever so soulless, but boards, I am convinced, have both souls and hearts, for I know of board secretaries who hardly seem able to write even business letters without getting a bit of their hearts into them.

Our relation as missionaries to our adopted people is a subject to which we ought to give careful consideration. The disposition to claim lordship over other peoples is said to be common to the Anglo-Saxon, and it crops out readily when we are brought into contact with Orientals, for the reason that their passive, yielding demeanor gives little clue to the overweening pride that lies beneath the surface. A missionary in Africa is said to have labored fruitlessly for seven years before he discovered that the chief obstacle to success had been himself, because of his dictatorial, overbearing ways. It is so easy for us to arrive on the field firm in the conviction that we are conferring a great favor on the natives to come at all, and so from the start assuming an attitude of condescension. As a matter of fact, the people have done without us for some hundreds of years, and a good many of them still think that they could continue to do so. It was not the call of the heathen that brought us to the mission but the call of Christ. If we find ourselves inclined to regard the people with a trace of superciliousness, it may help us to look at our-

selves for a moment from their standpoint. As we pass along the crooked footpaths which answer for streets, threading our way among heaps of unspeakable filth, we think, "Was ever anything more dreadful? What would mother say if she could see me now?" Yet at least one Korean on attempting to make his home in New York City found the odors unendurable and came home. We love our people from the start, but we wonder sometimes how our fastidious olfactories are ever going to become accustomed to their bodily presence. They in their turn, with ever ready courtesy, resolutely suppress the look of disgust, and account for the strange effluvia by the charitable assumption that it must be due to our wearing woolen clothes so much and never washing more than the inner clothes. When sufficient acquaintance warrants the familiarity, and we intimate to them that they ought to bathe at least once a week, instead of once a year or not at all, they answer with a pleasant "Kurusimnaita" (very true), and a mental reservation to the effect that that may be all very well for people like these foreigners whose natural condition evidently compels it!

Until the introduction of Christianity the one reason in Korean minds for the existence of women was the exercise of the maternal function. To be a mother was their one claim to consideration, and they were accustomed to dress in a way

to present the least possible obstruction to the frequent nourishment of their little ones. The exposure that resulted was a never ending offense to a vigorous old lady from Kentucky who spent several years in Seoul. She used to descend bodily on women thus unattired whom she met on the street, and make energetic though futile attempts to pull their skirts and jackets together across the objectionable gap, scolding the meanwhile in good round English, not one word of which the victims could understand. I never had any reason to think that she accomplished anything beyond a strong impression on the mind of the assaulted one that this must be a foreign devil of a peculiarly violent type, and I used to wonder what these same women would have thought could they have seen a crowd of Southern or Northern "quality" gathered together for an evening dance. What explanation would they have regarded as sufficient to account for the unseemly lack of attire and the unheard-of familiarity of the attitudes?

A Korean woman once called my attention to the fact that the placket of my shirt-waist sleeve was gaping, exposing the flesh of my forearm. This was done as an act of kindness and evidently with the idea that I would rectify the matter at once. Since then I have often wondered what Korean gentlefolks think of elbow-sleeves and tight-fitting gowns, but I have never ventured to inquire.

It seems too bad to exhort young missionaries to cultivate self consciousness, but I am sure that we would all be glad to do even this rather than give unfavorable impressions to our people. A lively little missionary lady in a new gown from home, preening herself from side to side as she calls attention to her fresh finery, is a pretty and harmless sight to us, but what an oriental gentleman looking on sees and thinks is far from complimentary to her modesty or innocence. Any conspicuousness in dress or manner that could possibly be construed as parading one's person ought to be avoided carefully. Men missionaries will do well to recognize from the start that there is a great barrier fixed between the sexes in the Orient, and if they thoughtlessly overstep it in their demeanor toward either native or foreign women, they run the risk of compromising them in the estimation of onlookers. Clean minds and pure hearts are outside of the observation and experience of a non-Christian people, and they are naturally slow to comprehend them when transplanted into their midst. Given time, Christianity will change all this, as it has done in Christian communities the world over, but in the meantime let us be willing to surrender something of our liberty in consideration of our weak brethren.

Sometimes it takes years for us to comprehend what living epistles we are to our adopted

people. Every look, word and action is noted, commented on, repeated to others, and often, perhaps, misconstrued. A woman patient, grateful for treatment received, brings a present of eggs to the woman physician. The doctor, knowing the patient's poverty, deprecates the gift, and allows a troubled frown to overspread her countenance. The poor woman, anxiously scanning her face, reads there only discontent with the meager offering, and slinks away, chilled and hurt. Or we find our chair coolies trying. They creep along at a snail's pace when we are in a great hurry, or they go too fast and endanger our lives by bumping against stones and posts. We attempt to rectify the matter by a vigorous use of the vernacular, and after an instance or two of this kind, we have won the nickname, Mrs. Best-Scolder-of-All. Or we give way to a real burst of temper a time or two when circumstances grow particularly irritating, and hereafter become known as the Mitchin Moksa (Crazy Pastor). Some one says, "Why, it is temper rightly applied that has made the Anglo-Saxon the dominant race of the world." Perhaps so, but the fact remains that temper wrongly applied has been the bane of many a missionary and effectually nullified much hard, self-sacrificing labor. An oriental woman once remarked that she thought Western people (her acquaintance with the Occident had been limited altogether to mis-

sionaries) must be strangely fierce by nature, and held in check only by the fact that they are Christians. Our adopted people shock us by their aptitude at lying, and we surprise them beyond measure if we show a lack of self-control. Nowhere so much as on the mission field is it possible for our actions to speak so loudly that no one can hear what we say.

The confident assumption that Eastern peoples are humbly ready to grant the superiority of our ways has led many a missionary into blunders. We want to inculcate the dignity of labor, and begin by telling our servants that in America people as a rule do their own work; our parents were accustomed to do so, except in special emergencies, and we ourselves were brought up to labor. The bland countenances before us express nothing but gratitude for a statement so informing as to a better state of things, but deep down in the oriental heart the surmise is confirmed: "Nothing but coolies, after all. I thought so!"

In this connection comes up the question of the style of living of missionaries. Many things surprise us when we first reach the field. We come out keyed up to endure physical hardship of any and every description, and we find the missionaries living for the most part in comfortable houses, surrounded by bevies of yellow, black or brown servants, as the case may be, and presenting altogether an appearance of astonishing ease.

Our thoughts go back to the friends and relatives at home who have just committed us so tearfully to the privations of the mission field. We remember that many of them do their own work, wholly or in part. We cast a look at the wife or husband of our bosom, and see the same look in his or her face. We talk it over together and both conclude that it cannot be altogether right. Others may do as they see fit, but as for ourselves, we will adopt a different course, a plainer, more evidently laborious one, and one better calculated to satisfy the occidental conscience. Perhaps we decide, as some have done, to dispense with servants altogether, and do all our own work, even to the hewing of wood and the drawing of water, or if we do employ servants it is with a guilty feeling of self-indulgence.

But as time passes on and our mental vision clears, we begin to see that the cheapest and most plentiful thing under heathen skies is human manual labor, and the scarcest and most precious is missionary time and strength. We will soon realize, too, with an intensity that is almost painful, that we are face to face with the most difficult undertaking of our whole lives, the acquisition of an Eastern language, and we begin to see that upon the acquisition of this language, by ourselves and others like us, depends the eternal and in a large sense the temporal welfare of a whole people. We observe, too, if we have the

opportunity to do so, that those missionaries who undertake to support themselves wholly or in part, or who for any reason elect to dispense with servants, while they may prove to everyone's satisfaction that they are able to live on less money than others do, are not able, as a rule, to prove that they can become as efficient missionaries. Then we begin to thank God for the modest competence which enables us to turn over to strong and willing hands the actual labor of daily life while we give our whole time and strength to the prosecution of the missionary enterprise.

Having once yielded to the employment of servants, it is very easy to go to the other extreme and employ more than are necessary. The temptation is strong, since it comes so easily and cheaply, to increase our style of living. Even a native of America, with all its boasted democracy, may have a bit of snobbishness deeply imbedded somewhere in his original protoplasm. To be lord over a little crowd of underlings gives him a pleasant feeling of power and position. He likes the possibilities so easily afforded of living "in style." Why not, for instance, when guests are present, have dinner served in half a dozen or more courses, since all we have to do is to dispose of it as it comes on? There is justification for all this, too, in the fact that it is so entirely in accord with oriental ideas of what is good and reasonable, and we tell ourselves that a certain

amount of pomp and circumstance increases the estimation in which we are held by the natives.

But there is a better way, and that is to take a firm grip on our original ideas of missionary plainness and simplicity, and never let go of them. As far as the natives are concerned, we cannot live on so simple a scale but that we still present to their eyes a picture of unimagined wealth. The mere possession of such everyday articles as chairs, tables, rugs and a sewing machine puts us far off into the region of unattainable riches, and the plainest missionary home is still a palace in the eyes of the native.

The assumption of any sort of rank, or the setting up of claims to any consideration beyond that due an ambassador of the meek and lowly Jesus, may succeed in exciting a species of awed submission on the part of the people, but I have yet to be persuaded that it ever wins their love. The example of the Master in this respect ought to be sufficient for us.

This principle of avoiding any disposition to set ourselves up as grandees applies particularly to the sort of houses we build. Perhaps no feature of missionary life has excited so much senseless, ignorant, not to say malicious criticism as our houses. One man, after a trip to the Orient, was quoted in a periodical devoted to the interests of an independent mission, and giving incidentally a considerable portion of its space to attacks

upon regularly organized mission boards, to the effect that if the truth were known about the work of the mission boards in the Orient, the contributions for their support would fall away very materially. And the one dark fact that he saw fit to divulge was that everywhere he went through the Orient he found that the missionaries had selected the "highest and healthiest sites" for their homes!

What we want to consider is not such criticisms as are too inane to be worth a troubled thought, but the opinions of intelligent friends of missions who are reluctant to admit any fault on our part and would like to see us comfortable and healthfully housed, yet in a way to disarm just criticism. Sometimes missionaries are left to bear the brunt of situations for which they are not responsible, as, for instance, when a man by the use of private means, in addition to the board's appropriation, erects a structure more gratifying to an ornate architectural taste than to plain missionary ideas. Then, from failure of health, or other reasons, he leaves the mission field, and, for the indefinite future, one unfortunate family after another is left to occupy his "palace" and make what explanations they can to wondering visitors and fellow workers. Or a friendly and benevolently disposed architect comes along. He finds the missionary, whose experience with building operations up to the present has probably been

limited to hencoops, wrestling with the problem of how to get his house built. The architect offers his services, and the offer is too plainly providential to be refused. But the architect's professional standard is high, and he holds the generous theory, too, that missionaries ought to have the best there is. The result is an edifice at which visitors look askance, and which keeps the missionary continually apologizing.

It is so good to keep away from this atmosphere of hostile criticism that occasionally a missionary goes to the other extreme, and puts up a house which, while it may be cheap, cannot be said to be economical from any standpoint of comfort, convenience or stability. Perhaps the rooms are too small, and the occupants pass the time thereafter in a state of cramped physical existence. Or the rooms may be large enough, but they are too few, and so additions must be put on from time to time with the strong probability that in the end the house will cost more and be less satisfactory in every way than if it had been planned on a sufficiently large scale to begin with.

"Keep in the middle of the road," is good advice here or elsewhere. Two things are to be borne in mind. First, that mission money, being trust funds, ought to be put into buildings that are substantial, and up to a reasonable standard of comfort and convenience. Second,

that mission money, for the same reason, ought not to be put into unnecessary spaciousness or ornamentation, and these two things resolve themselves finally, of course, into a question of wise judgment. It is not a pleasant reflection that we are a city set on a hill, a target for criticism from every wandering one who may strike our station, but it is a good thing to remember when we start to build houses, as well as the additional fact that none of us can live to himself, and what we do sets the pace for others.

A temptation easily yielded to by people who have perhaps been out of school for years, or are not naturally fond of the acquisition of language, is to imagine that when they have completed the course of language study prescribed by the mission, their labors in that direction are ended. Some have acted on this belief, and the result is the very plain line of demarcation which as time passes on may be observed among missionaries. To keep on the upper side of that line is a resolve that ought to be made early and adhered to tenaciously throughout a missionary's career. The new missionary should always keep an ear open for new words and expressions used in conversation, and, if possible, he should set apart a few moments each day for reading in the native language. By adding to our vocabulary a word or an expression at a time, day after day and year after year, we may fit ourselves for the

highest and best forms of service that may present themselves in any direction. Even married women with little children, given a fixed determination sooner or later to acquire the language, can accomplish much in this way. I know a missionary who reached the field with several small children. Other little ones came to her and her health was never robust, yet little by little she added to her knowledge of the language, and by and by when her children grew older and her time and strength were hers once more, she was able to take her place as teacher in the Bible training class work of the station. "I'm going to learn this language if it takes me a hundred years," a missionary mother announced not long ago, and those of us who know her have no doubt that she will.

Man or woman, married or single, here is the place for ambition! Not to surpass others, not with the secret hope of being considered one of the best linguists in the mission, nor with any trace of resentment toward those who may be outstripping us in the race, but with the steadfast resolve that with God for our helper, we will as far as in us lies glorify him in the free and skillful use of the strange language which has now become ours. It is a pity to be satisfied with mediocrity of effort, and nowhere so much as on the mission field. The plane of our attainment may never be so high as that of some others, but

we ought to see to it that it is the best of which we are capable.

Sometimes we fail to realize the fact that with the task on hand of learning a new language, it will be necessary to relinquish the delights of omnivorous reading in English. While it may not be advisable in every case to follow the Spartan example of Dr. Nevius of China, who for the first ten years of his missionary career read nothing in English except commentaries or other theological works, yet it is greatly to our advantage to restrict our reading in English to just the amount necessary to keep us in good mental tone. Anything beyond this will serve to draw us away from the language which we are striving to learn, and ought to be reckoned as an unlawful indulgence. Of course, as far as our home boards and committees are concerned, we are put on our honor with regard to the use of our time. There is no rule or by-law to prevent us from keeping ourselves supplied with the latest output of light literature from home, or even carrying on actual courses of study in English, as has been attempted in some cases, but there is a great deal about such a procedure to prevent us from ever becoming anything but mediocre missionaries.

When we first reach heathendom and find ourselves confronted by millions of people without God and without hope in the world, few or no Christian schools, little or no Christian literature,

practicing filthy and barbarous methods of medicine, and with the only hope, humanly speaking, for the amelioration of these conditions resting with a handful of missionaries, we may be tempted to forget that "he who believeth doth not make haste." This may lead us into impatience with the slow process of language acquisition. We want to "get to work," and we find ourselves before we realize it in a state of mental hurry and worry, and carrying around with us a continual sense of guilt because we feel that we have not accomplished all that we should have done.

This is not conducive either to mental or spiritual health, and is easily followed by a disposition to be fussy about our physical condition. In the face of the great need, missionaries begin to look so valuable and so scarce that we fear we may not hold out long enough to accomplish some of the things we know ought to be done. We begin to wonder if our head, our stomach or our temperature are just what they ought to be, and we talk vaguely about "overworking" and "breaking down."

A good cure is to remember that our service is not for a month or a year, but—if God wills—for life, and also that while we may be and ought to be very desirous of helping in his work, yet we are not really indispensable to the carrying out of his purposes. He will have his way with men

and nations, not always because of us, but very often in spite of us, and what concerns him most in your case and mine is not nearly so much what we do as what we are. Once grasp the truth that the thing of most importance is not to "serve God much" but to "please him perfectly," and that other blessed fact that "in quietness and in confidence is our strength," and we will find that the joy of the Lord waits on our footsteps, and that our power for effective service is increased tenfold.

A trip home when our furlough comes is good for us in this direction. When we see the mad and furious rate at which our friends and relatives, who are engaged in business, live and work, we will realize that while we have been busy as missionaries, and hope to continue to be busy, yet it has not been beyond a sane degree.

One thing that we have to learn after we reach the field is that, in some important respects, life in a mission station is much like matrimony. The narrow circle in which our days are spent in the course of time brings us and our fellow workers to a degree of mutual acquaintance which we have probably never experienced before with anyone. Not only every excellency and idiosyncrasy of character, but every little trick of mind, every crook of conscience which each one possesses, becomes perfectly well known to every other one. We and the other men and women of our station

will have to walk along from day to day "bearing the dear burden of each other's infirmities." This excellent rule for a happy married life is no less applicable in a mission station: Devote yourself to curing your own faults and to making the other happy, and by no means confuse these two things by attempting to be happy yourself and curing the faults of the other.

I know of no spot on earth where the same close fellowship, the same loving community of interest exists as in the mission field. Yet this precious ointment may have its flies, and there are little foxes ever ready to spoil the vines. The very intimacy which is often so sweet may lead to friction between natures of an opposite mold. A missionary whom I knew found herself at close quarters with a nature which was to hers as fire is to tow. The shameful possibility of actually quarreling with a fellow worker yawned at her feet. Feeling entirely helpless in herself, she threw herself on her knees in an agony of prayer that God would keep her from anything so dishonoring to him and his cause. He heard and answered, and from that moment, although the two continued to work together in the same station for some time, she never afterwards felt any stirrings of antagonism.

A community, otherwise congenial and happy, may find itself burdened with just one foolishly sensitive, hysterical woman, unable to view any

subject apart from the standpoint of self, or a single ill-tempered, unreasonable, overbearing man. What shall we do in such a case? Except for actual moral lapses, missionaries are slow to make ill reports to headquarters of a fellow worker. I know of nothing that meets the case so well as to set about the earnest cultivation of those graces in ourselves which we would like to see in the troublesome sister or brother, the love, joy, peace, long-suffering, goodness, gentleness, faith, meekness and temperance, which alone can make them or us beloved or useful. It is a good thing to call a halt at regular intervals and ask ourselves: "Have I little ways that are likely to be a trial to my fellow workers? Am I given to bursts of temper or other forms of impatience? or am I cold and unaccommodating? Am I selfish, or given to underhanded ways of accomplishing my purposes, ways not very wrong perhaps, yet not exactly straight? Am I overbearing, or inclined to hold grudges? Am I always willing to give place to others, or do I often claim and take the foremost place for myself, and sulk if I do not get it?" These and other forms of self-interrogation which our own consciences can suggest, together with the maintenance of a constant state of watchfulness and prayer, ought to keep our feet from slipping.

But there is one thing to be taken into grave and earnest consideration: that God will not

answer our prayers for these things, or pour out upon us the full measure of his loving spirit that we crave, as long as we indulge the habit of criticizing each other, discussing the faults of other people, the mistakes we have known them to make, turning their peculiarities over and over until they assume a magnitude in our minds altogether out of proportion to their real importance. It is better not to do this, even with the other inmates of our homes. Our conversation may not be as interesting to some people, but it will be more pleasing to God, and we cannot exhibit to the other members of our station better evidence that we have been well brought up than by preserving what some one has called "the very hall-mark of good breeding—a noble silence concerning the faults of others." The failure to do this on the part of just one member of the missionary body, especially if situated at a port or capital city where many come and go, may bring a whole body of mission workers into disrepute. Or a missionary visiting in another field may make up his conversation of the eccentricities, disagreeable qualities or moral lapses of his fellow workers until the only conclusion left to the listener is that they must all be a very peculiar and undesirable lot. Alas that these things should ever be so!

When topics of conversation fail we can have recourse to literary periodicals, or any one of a

dozen first-class magazines. We can lay aside our work for a few moments before dinner and glean something from their pages to talk about. Let us not give way to the feeling that this is a stiff and stilted way of doing, and that we should feel more at home with personalities. Such a practice will not only keep us off the low level of personal gossip, but will bring us breadth of mind and interests, and skill in the art of conversation, so that when we emerge once more into the glare and rush of Western life, we will find that we have kept within very gratifying touch of current events.

Sometimes missionaries find themselves within easy reach of good financial investments on the field. Their children are growing up and the problem of their education must be met. They are getting on in years, perhaps, with little or no life insurance. No one faces the prospect of penniless old age with real enjoyment. The opportunities are legitimate from a business standpoint and the investment of private means or small savings seems so harmless and justifiable. Shall we or shall we not?

It may help us to come to a decision in a matter like this to notice the stand taken by other people in other callings. When the Coast and Geodetic Surveying Party sent out by the Government reached the Klondike region they found the country underlaid with vast deposits of gold. It

lay within their power, without transgressing the law of the land, to stake out their claims and make themselves rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Yet not one foot was appropriated by one member of the party for his personal benefit.

When Mr. Moore, of the United States Department of Agriculture, discovered the "nitrogen-fixing bacteria," he conferred an incalculable benefit upon the farming interests of the country, and there was no reason from a business standpoint why the discovery should not have made him a very wealthy man. But he kept on at his work of patient investigation for the public benefit, without any effort to appropriate the wealth that might have been his.

Horace Mann, always financially hard pressed, when reproached by a friend for letting a good business opportunity pass by, replied that he was "too busy to make money."

Such instances of high honor in public servants are not uncommon. Members of what we love to regard as a "sacred calling" can hardly do less. No non-Christian people has any conception of pure disinterestedness, and the very first requisite for successful service is to establish the fact in their minds that we are here for their good alone. It is absolutely necessary for the foreign missionary to avoid all suspicion of exploiting the people or the country for his own

personal benefit. Let the belief be once firmly established in the minds of the people that he is making money at their expense, or at the expense of the natural resources of the country, and from the standpoint of the missionary, he has become a mere cumberer of the ground. If we have private means to invest it is better to do so in the homeland where no misunderstanding is likely to arise. And as to the need of food and clothing in our old age, we have the Saviour's personal assurance that if we seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all these things shall be added unto us. That is a good pillow for the silvering head to lie upon.

All this does not mean that we are not to exercise as far as possible a wise forethought as to the future needs of our work. It is said that Adoniram Judson during his lifetime purchased for the mission a tract of land, not needed for immediate use, but necessary, in his mind, for the future growth of the work. After his death the home authorities, stung, possibly, by the epithet "landgrabbers," applied by unfriendly travelers, ordered the sale of the land. But time proved Judson's faith and sagacity, and the mission has since been obliged to buy back, piece by piece, and at greatly advanced prices, the land that once was theirs.

As one decade after another rolls over our heads on the mission field, we find ourselves

confronted by a very real danger, that of arrested development. Years ago, out of a variety of possible methods of work, we selected those that approved themselves to our judgment. Practice has made us facile in their use, and we fall into the habit of attributing any measure of success that may have attended our efforts to these particular methods. Little by little they assume in our minds almost fetichlike proportions. Times change, and what were once entirely suitable principles of procedure are no longer adequate to meet the situation. Newer, larger, more up-to-date methods are called for, but we find ourselves a little resentful and unwilling to respond. In short, the process of ossification has set in, and prompt action is required or we will take our place in the ranks of the has-beens. Dr. Arthur J. Brown says: "God does not need our methods. . . . Let us be ready to adjust our methods from time to time, as God in his providence may direct." Dr. S. R. Millard, long Chicago's oldest physician, on the occasion of his ninety-second birthday, said that one reason he had lived so long and so happily was because he had "always tried to keep alive to the things of the present."

The infusion of new missionary blood from time to time is a great boon to the whole mission body. If the younger workers have much to gain from their elders, the reverse is also true,

and it is a good thing for all concerned if we can ever keep ourselves in the position of being willing to learn from those younger and less experienced than ourselves.

## CHAPTER II

### MISSIONARY TRIALS

"PLEASE tell me frankly," once urged the anxious mother of a young missionary candidate, "what the experiences are of heavy trial and privation that you missionaries hide behind such a brave show of cheerfulness." If the missionary appealed to had been up in modern slang, she might have replied, "You can search me." Almost in vain she explored the inner recesses of her consciousness for some experience of hardship or creature discomforts that could be styled peculiarly "missionary." There had been things hard to bear, but very little which she had not shared in common with the professional traveler, the gold-seeker, or the members of business and political circles who elect to pass their lives in the remote regions of the earth. Under this head comes the leaving of one's native land, long separations from friends and relatives, irregular mails, coming in contact with contagious diseases of every kind, the discomforts of travel in countries where there are no roads, no bridges, no hotels that our friends would recognize by

that name, and no wheeled conveyances of any kind.

To be far from one's base of supplies is not always convenient. To have to eat butter, for instance, which has been canned or in pickle for an indefinite length of time, and to order one's hats by mail from an export firm in America, is trying. Yet the butter is good, when once you acquire a taste for it, and the hats—well, they are often quite passable in the absence of any very high standard of comparison, and the worst of them are hardly ever as bad as they might be. Even then they answer a useful purpose in keeping us humble as long as they last, which, with care, may be a good many years. Sometimes all the women of a station have to be assembled to sit in judgment on a hat recently arrived from America, in order to decide which side is the front. It may be that some of us will never know whether hats which we have worn with cheerful unconsciousness year after year were not really hindside before all the time!

Once—a golden once—a missionary arrived at a certain station with the instincts of the milliner born, and of the philanthropist as well. She attended the usual church service in English, held every Sunday afternoon, and one sweeping glance around convinced her that she need not wait to acquire the language before doing some missionary work. Gently but firmly she secured pos-

session of one venerable piece of headgear after another, and when these emerged from her hands they were left with so few recognizable features that it seemed something like a sleight-of-hand performance. Church attendance almost reached the pitch of a mild excitement to see what new marvel had been wrought.

Perhaps these things might be more properly told in the chapter on missionary diversions, for no one enjoys the comicalities of mission life so much as the missionaries themselves. The X——'s love to tell of their first trip home on furlough. The traveling suits of Mrs. X—— and the children represented the combined skill and ingenuity of the ladies of the station, but when they made their appearance in a large railway station in America, they were aware of a momentary suspension of business, and a sudden access of suppressed hilarity in the air. Finally a scrub-woman at work on the floor voiced the thought of all hearts when she asked, "Whur'd you come frum?"

But while we get all the fun we can out of such occurrences, we do not want them to happen if they can be avoided. The matter of dress and appearance is not so trivial as it sometimes seems to us in the first heat of the struggle with heathenism. A story is told of a graduate of Dr. Guinness' Missionary Training School in London who called on Mrs. Guinness for a parting word before

starting for Africa. He had expected words of deep spiritual counsel, and it was with something of a shock that he heard her say, "I hope that you will always be particular to keep your hair brushed." She had lived long enough to observe that a proper attention to the details of personal appearance not only commands the respect of other people, but is formative of right character in the individual himself. In the homeland most of us have probably dressed for people. On the mission field we have the opportunity to dress from principle. Not that we can attempt to keep up with the latest vagaries of fashion. To be within far hailing distance of the ever-changing dame must satisfy most of us. But at least we can keep well trimmed and brushed and blacked, and we can make it a principle to dress up always for Sunday or any other occasion that can be made to present itself, and thus keep ourselves feeling at home in our good clothes.

The people are sometimes more observant than we imagine of our attire and the degree of respect which it indicates for them. I once made a trip into the country to a village where no foreign woman had ever stayed before. In anticipation of sitting and sleeping on the floor and eating on my lap, I wore an old dress which I felt willing to sacrifice. But the very first question put to my Bible woman when we reached the place and found ourselves surrounded by a group of eager

women and girls, was, "Did she put on her good clothes to come and see us?"

We never know until we take up life in a non-Christian land how much we have been upheld heretofore, in mind and spirit, by public law order and decency. Even in the matter of external comeliness, the system and orderliness prevailing everywhere, and the beauty in common things has meant much to us. Streets laid out on the square, public buildings of noble and dignified proportions, flower beds, gardens and farms arranged with regard to symmetry, even the pretty displays in the shop windows, have all ministered to our æsthetic sense and kept us in good mental tone. It is true that in some mission countries there is much to gratify one's sense of truth and beauty, but, as a rule, in Christless lands, anything that there may be of moral grace or material loveliness is rudely jostled on all sides by a meanness and squalor that beggars description.

The effect upon the newcomer is often a heaviness of mind and heart that is hard to throw off, but here, as elsewhere, "the mind is its own place." No true missionary allows his or her thought to dwell on what there may be of ugliness in or about their chosen people. Even if we cannot follow the first part of Alice Freeman Palmer's counsel to "look at something beautiful each day" (and there are few spots on earth where even this

is altogether impossible), yet the last part, to "think of, do and memorize something beautiful each day," is open to all of us. Rufus Choate is said to have been possessed all his life with a sort of poetic elation of soul which lifted him above outward adverse circumstances. Substitute the word "spiritual" for "poetic" and we have something that all can cultivate. Perhaps it is only another name for faith, that faith which dwells in "the high and holy place" with God, and provides its possessor with wings for each day's journey.

With regard to unhygienic conditions which cannot be avoided, the advice, "Keep your mind off them," applies with special force. In a country like Korea where the rooms are very small, with no provision for ventilation, the missionaries are often obliged to spend hours of their time crowded in with a multitude of unwashed human beings in an atmosphere so vile that the very candles threaten to go out, and are only revived from time to time as the door is opened to admit newcomers. It is easy to ask, "Why don't you throw every door and window open and get fresh air?" The probabilities are that the windows are of paper and immovable. The door, or doors, if there happens to be more than one, is very small, perhaps a foot and a half wide by four or five feet high, and if it is open everyone in the room is exposed to the outside temperature,

which may be all the way from freezing down to twenty-six below zero.

How unfortunate under such circumstances to allow one's mind to dwell on the subject of noxious germs! All that one can do is to dismiss the thought with the reflection that the same God who made them is able to control their action. Livingstone found strength in the assurance that we are all immortal till our work is done, and so can we.

Some mortifying revelations await many of us upon reaching the field. We find that we have heretofore depended largely for spiritual inspiration upon church services and religious gatherings of all kinds, and that what we have been accustomed to consider the joy of the Lord as experienced by us has, in reality, consisted largely in the inspiration of numbers, or in self-satisfaction based on the successful exercise of our natural powers, and on the approval of admiring friends. In short, we find that we have not had much personal acquaintance with the Saviour.

The mission field has no lesson for us so ineffably sweet and precious as that of drawing strength and inspiration directly from the Master himself. We learn what it is to work away from day to day and month to month and year to year, unknown and unpraised of men, and yet more than rewarded by the thought of that time when "every man shall have praise of God."

At the same time let nothing mislead us into forsaking the assembling of ourselves together for the purpose of prayer and praise in our own language. The whole history of missions presents no more noble picture than that of Judson and his wife sitting down alone to celebrate the Lord's Supper. We ought never to fall in with the idea that the native services take the place of our own more formal worship. We will probably be a good many years on the field before this is the case, if it ever is, and even if it is true of those longer on the field, it will not be of those who have come out more recently. Fellow missionaries, as long as they live and work together, will need to get down on their knees at regular intervals, and make humble confession of sins and weaknesses and shortcomings, and raise earnest prayer together for forgiveness and strength. It is to the inner workings of any station or mission community what the drop of oil is to the piece of machinery. That mission community is blessed where the homes are sufficiently close together to admit of a brief daily prayer meeting.

Undoubtedly one of the great trials that we have to bear for the first few years of mission life is enforced inactivity to a greater or less extent in the direction of mission work. Long weeks, months and years of language study must intervene before we can do with any ease the things that we came out to do. Our pent-up energies

look about in vain for sufficient outlet, and for lack of something larger we are likely to apply ourselves to trifles with the same strenuousness that we would employ in organizing churches or carrying on schools or Bible classes if we could. The result may easily be a sort of bumptiousness or self-assertiveness on our part which may not be altogether pleasant to others. Or a worse thing may befall us. We may drop so easily into the student's habit that the active things of life have no longer any charm for us. A sort of spiritual numbness possesses us, and processions of lost souls pass and repass before us without awakening any special concern.

No one can safely minimize the necessity for acquiring the language. Yet a greater mistake, if possible, is to imagine that no missionary work can be done in the meantime. As a matter of fact, the acquisition of an oriental language is the task of a lifetime, and any missionary work that we do must be a simultaneous process from first to last. It is not altogether easy to begin without language, yet, with a very few words at command, one can distribute tracts, do street preaching to individuals, or gather up children and teach them Bible verses and prayers. From the very standpoint of language acquisition the process is a useful one, for it affords an opportunity for using the words which we have learned, and —what is fully as important—of becoming ac-

quainted with native character by actual contact with it. Moreover, by the watering of other souls our own are refreshed and spiritual drought is averted.

Two very real trials may be enumerated, one of which is peculiar to the early years of mission life, and more particularly to single people. I refer to loneliness and lack of diversion. Hardly any phase of life which a young man or woman can have experienced in the homeland can prepare them altogether for the weight of loneliness that is likely to fall to their lot in a heathen country. The fact that they are single puts them in an anomalous class and isolates them greatly in the estimation of the people. Unless they are exceptionally situated they will have little companionship of those of their own years, and very little change of mental occupation.

Loneliness has its own peculiar trials and temptations, as Martin Luther and all other honest monks of all times have found. It is hard for anyone, married or single, who lives alone or with only a few companions of his own race, to maintain an absolutely sane view of all questions. We lose our sense of proportion and are tempted to feel a foolish sensitiveness to the words and acts of others. A story is told of a missionary in Africa who threw up his job and went home, on being reproved by a fellow worker for leaving an ax out over night. He had lived

in a narrow circle of thought and companionship until he was no longer able to distinguish between things of great and little importance. Irritability, resentment and passion followed in logical sequence, and the matter of the ax was doubtless the last addition to a long and melancholy series of grudges.

It is a thankworthy thing if single missionaries find themselves situated with a congenial working mate of their own sex. Two by two was the Master's rule, and it is still a good rule. There are ways, too, of cultivating the Saviour's companionship that repay us more richly than tongue can tell. One dear woman whom I know, whose post of duty is lonely and hard, has a way of holding audible converse with her Lord as she goes about her work. "This isn't an easy task you have set me, Lord," she will say, "but I trust you to sustain me." One man, who longed greatly for a more real sense of the Saviour's presence, used to draw up a chair for him when he knelt to pray. These things may seem a little grotesque to people whose lives are full of close and happy human companionship, but the story of Brother Lawrence has taught us that anything is lawful that brings us to a livelier sense of the Saviour's presence, "closer than thinking or breathing, nearer than hands or feet."

As time passes and our knowledge of the language and the ways of the people increases, it

becomes easier to enter into their hearts and lives and find friends and companionship among them. Every year on the field drives the specter of loneliness further away, but alas, to many of us every year brings nearer the second trial enumerated above, one peculiar to married people and parents. I refer to parting with children at an early age.

Many missionary parents have felt that they had no real experience of trial until the time came

> "To see their bright ones disappear,
> Drawn up like morning dews."

In hot countries where even very little children must be sent away, the question as to what is duty must be a very difficult one to decide. To what extent are parents justified in shifting upon other people responsibility for the training and care of the children whom God has given them? Are the children likely to turn out well when left at a tender age in an institution or to the care of relatives perhaps not altogether in sympathy with the life work of the parents? Is it better, perhaps, for the mother to reside in America with the children, leaving the husband and father to work on for an indefinite period alone? Or shall both the parents suspend their missionary work for a term of years at least, in the expectation of being able to take it up later on?

All these questions open up such vistas of broken homes, separated families, heartache and perhaps bitter disappointment, that only a fool would rush in with ready opinions and advice as to the right course to pursue. Of one thing we may be sure that, if the hearts of all concerned are fully yielded up to God, he will make his will for them plain, and will give strength to bear the burden which cannot be escaped by any course of procedure.

In cases where the climate admits of this, children may be kept beyond at least the early years of their childhood, but the question of their education is most serious. Here in Pyeng Yang, where we have at the present time in our mission community eleven families with children, we have solved the problem by putting our mites together and with the help of this and that generous friend at home, have our own little school with a teacher brought out from America. The blessing that this school has been during the ten years of its existence is not easily calculable. Without it, we missionary mothers would have been obliged to teach the children ourselves, without nearly so much profit to them, and with very considerable loss to the mission work.

When the school was started only four families were responsible for its financial support, yet we have always seemed to have enough. Even if a mission community is very small my advice would

be to economize in every other direction and have a school. Where this cannot be done, nothing remains but for the parents concerned to give the time necessary to carry on the education of the children. This is not an ideal arrangement from any standpoint, but it is very many times better than to send them to America at an early age. To our friends at home and to some on the mission field this may seem a strange statement. Under what circumstances could it possibly be better to keep boys and girls to maturity in heathen rather than in Christian surroundings? But it must be remembered that the immediate surroundings of the families of missionaries are not heathen, but are—or ought to be—very strongly Christian. It is easy to inculcate in the mind even of a very little child the idea that they are partners in the missionary enterprise, and that their little lights also must shine clear and bright from day to day. Sin is so open and undisguised on the mission field that it is easier to guard the child against it than it sometimes is in Christian America where it so often lurks in unsuspected places. In the first shock of contact with heathenism, we are naturally inclined to hark back to the homelands as a sort of Canaan where sins and sorrows fail to grow. We find ourselves perhaps in a country where contagious diseases rage unchecked. Children die of smallpox within a stone's throw, and the loathsome

little forms are wrapped in straw and raised on a platform in the open field, to secure the full benefit of the disintegrating and disseminating influences of wind and rain. Typhus is always in the air, mad dogs run amuck in the street, or the pneumonic plague sweeps unhindered through the country, leaving a broad track of death behind. Perhaps we lose little children under circumstances that leave through life an unhealed wound in the heart. As our furlough time approaches we find ourselves looking forward to a year of blessed respite from unhygienic surroundings for both soul and body. But less than a twelvemonth of observation and experience in the homeland is apt to be sufficient to remind us that death reigns in America, too, and that children slip away from their parents' grasp in spite of every possible medical precaution. Then there are moral lepers in America, as well as in China, Korea or India, and a general use of profanity that is entirely unknown to many non-Christian peoples. I know of two little boys, who, after a short experience in the common schools of America, begged their mother almost with tears to take them back to their home on the mission field. "The boys here swear so dreadfully," they said, "and we can't get the words out of our minds."

Unceasing vigilance on the part of the parents is ever the price of purity in the children, and many sorrowing fathers and mothers both in

Christian and non-Christian lands have awaked to find that while they were busy here and there about good and useful tasks, their children's purity was gone, they knew not how. Home duties must ever come first to a mother, and the question as to how much and what kind of work a missionary mother should attempt is one that circumstances and individual judgment must decide. In lands where servants are as cheap, plentiful and excellent as they are in the Orient, however, even a busy mother, by planning systematically, finds herself in possession of spare hours. Several options present themselves as to the possible use of these. Instead of training the servants, she can take upon herself the more particular parts of the housework, or the bulk of the sewing, and occupy herself in this way. Or, with the other ladies of the community, she can keep a little round of social functions going, pleasant and entertaining, thus furnishing the flowers necessary—according to the poet—for softening the tread of Time's foot. Or she can resolutely set aside her spare time for the study of the language, preparation for classes among the women or in the schools, literary work, helping in the hospitals, visiting among her native neighbors, or any other form of effort that she finds profitable. Wives and mothers all over the mission field are busy with any and all forms of Christian endeavor, and the splendid sons and

daughters who come out of their homes are proof that duties that come first have been given their rightful place. I like to remember that it was the son of missionaries, a boy of eighteen, who at the time of the burning of the Iroquois theater in Chicago took his stand on a plank connecting the balcony of the burning building with a place of safety, and, lifting the panic-stricken women and children one after the other in his strong young arms, passed them on beyond the reach of the fire. The flames rolled on and over him, but he stayed at his post until he was burned beyond recovery. "Hushed be the heart and still" at the thought of the hallowed pride and joy that must have filled that mother's heart in far-off South America.

Married women who have taken no part or interest in the mission enterprise have been so few in the circle of my acquaintance that I am hardly qualified to speak on the subject, but I will venture to express the opinion that they are not so healthful, either mentally, spiritually or physically as they would otherwise be, and if their families have developed any more satisfactorily than others, my attention has not been called to it. Moreover, the existence in a mission home or station of an element in the least degree out of sympathy or indifferent to the aims of the mission cannot but be detrimental to the enterprise as a whole. Children will nat-

urally take their cue from the mother in their attitude toward mission work, and it is quite possible for a family out of sympathy with the work of the husband and father to nullify much earnest effort on his part. In general it may be said that any man is heavily handicapped in the attempt to reach and hold the plane of his best effort, if he is deprived of sympathetic support in his home.

Unquestionably the greatest trial that any missionary can be called upon to endure is to toil through a long night of years and take little or nothing. Surely this is the supremest test of faith. Then it is hard to see promising converts slip back into heathenism, changed from bright professors and seemingly affectionate friends into bitter personal enemies and persecutors of the faith they once followed. To us in Korea, who found here a people prepared of God for our coming, the awful heartsickness of long-deferred hope has not been part of our portion. No hoary old heathen faith sets itself like an impenetrable wall before us. The difficulties of caste are almost unknown, and absorbing business interests do not crowd upon our people. They are, for the most part, a simple, unexacting folk, unsuspicious and unspoiled. Friendly advances are received in a friendly manner, and the good seed of the kingdom strikes quick and lasting root in these good and honest hearts.

Of those devoted brethren in other fields who lay down their lives daily for their people, receiving little gratitude in return, and few souls for their hire, I can only say that, somewhere in the deep recesses of heaven, there must be laid up for them a special fullness and sweetness of reward which those of us who are so richly compensated from day to day can hardly expect.

In promising and unpromising mission fields alike one burden must be borne, and that is the paucity of workers. To know that there are millions of souls perishing within reach, unvisited by a single gospel messenger; to see grand opportunities for propagating the gospel pass by unimproved, these are trials. Sometimes word reaches us of a group of believers, lively and hopeful. They put up a little house of worship and meet regularly for divine service. But after a hasty visit or two from the missionary comes a long space of time when they are left to themselves. They are young and weak in the faith, of necessity they are instructed but imperfectly in the Way of Life, and they are left to wander in the wilderness. How can they know that the missionary shepherd is burdened with very much more work than he can by any possibility be expected to accomplish? Doubts spring up as to his love for them, and their enthusiasm in the cause of Christ wanes. Spiritual hunger and thirst do their work, and one by one the famished

little flock falls a prey to the devourer. These things are veritable burdens and heavy to be borne.

According to some writers from the field, no chapter on missionary trials would be complete without mention of the servants, but my only reason for speaking of them in this connection is that I am not contemplating a chapter on missionary blessings. My thoughts run back as I sit here to some of the faithful servants I have known. There was Moon Sami, friend and servant of a lonely man whose chief solace during the prolonged absence of his wife and children was a frisky little scamp of a dog. Furlough time came, and the missionary went away for a year's visit with his family, committing Gyp to Moon Sami's care during his absence. Presently Gyp fell ill and suspicious symptoms developed. "Kill him," advised the other missionaries, "before he goes mad." What! kill Gyp, the Moksa's (missionary's) only companion and comfort, who had been left in his care? Never! He would himself run the risk of death first. So Gyp was lovingly tended through the throes of hydrophobia until Moon Sami was actually bitten, and his life was saved only by a hurried trip to a distant institution where the Pasteur treatment could be applied.

Then there was Yoon Ssi, left with ironing to do and a knitted bedspread to mend while the

family went away for their summer outing of ten days on the river. It was in August, and Yoon Ssi, toiling over the ironing board, was prostrated by the heat. She lingered for three days in great weakness and pain, but the day before she died she sent for the bedspread and the darning cotton, saying perhaps she would be able to mend it before the pouin (lady) returned. When the missionary came home and found Yoon Ssi in her humble grace and heard the story of her last days, she realized something of how David would have felt had those three lovers of his been slain in their gallant dash for the drink of cool water that he craved.

Old Pong Subang comes to my mind. He was so feeble and apparently stupid that when a family newly arrived employed him as a gateman, the other families deplored in private their unfortunate choice. But as far as faithfulness and affectionateness could accomplish it, old Pong was an excellent servant. Time passed and the W——'s were transferred to another station, leaving old Pong behind. Months later, on the birthday of one of the family, he appeared at the door. He had walked three hundred miles to offer his congratulations in person, and to present her with a bookmark which his wife had embroidered. Later when time came for their home journey on furlough, he made the trip again and presented each of the three members of the

family with a silver medal which he had had expressly designed and paid for out of his poverty.

Sometimes maids at home, I am told, object to visitors or unanticipated additions to the household, and according to this analogy, our good Su Ssi might have been expected to assert herself unpleasantly last year when a motherless little niece and nephew were added to our family circle. Far from it. She ran out to meet them when they came, took them in her arms and wept over their motherless condition. She prays for them by name in morning worship, and never wearies of doing little kindnesses for them. In fact, one of our difficulties with servants in this part of the world arises not from unwillingness to serve but from over-willingness, so that it is a hard matter to keep them from doing for the children in our families what the children should learn to do for themselves.

True, servants in missionary households are human, and they have their faults in common with the rest of humanity. Even our good Su Ssi is not exempt. Occasionally when I appear in the kitchen at an unexpected moment, I find what seems to be a bowl of breakfast mush and a cup of coffee arranged evidently for some one's consumption. Or an unanticipated peep into the teakettle brings to view, simmering cozily, an egg which cannot be accounted for by any plans for salad in the near future. Or a plate of pancakes

left from breakfast disappears. Now these things are all taboo, for Su Ssi, being the recipient of a monthly wage of the equivalent of five dollars gold, is expected to board herself at home, and agrees to do so very cheerfully. It is not right that she should take our food. I am sorry for her own sake that she should do it even occasionally, and perhaps I had better speak to her about it. But wait a moment. It is baking day, and Su Ssi has been here since soon after five o'clock this morning. The regular arrangement is for her to go home for her breakfast about nine and come back at ten, but she feels that the interests of the loaves, which she has just put back of the stove to rise, demand her presence here. So she fills in the interim with the family darning, and by the time the bread, light and white and tender, is drawn from the oven, it is time to prepare the vegetables for dinner, and two o'clock in the afternoon comes before she gets away. The same thing happened a few days ago when the children and Tsi Iri, the big boy who helps with the housework, came in from the garden with those great pans full of raspberries that had to be canned at once, and it is likely to happen again next Monday if the wash is unusually large. I remember, too, that for three months now, Su Ssi has "cooked for company," members of other stations who are here on mission business, to say nothing of various parties of world travelers and

others who may happen in for a few days at any time. She does the bulk of the plain sewing, too, for the family, and all without a word of complaint. Come to think of it, that egg, being a Korean egg, cost considerably less than a cent, and was probably only "partially good," anyway. The mush, on a closer look, proves to be the scrapings of the kettle, and the coffee the dregs from the breakfast table. I begin to fear that she did not eat those pancakes the other day, after all. Perhaps they were thrown away by mistake, and I form a quick resolution to see that she gets them next time. No, if I say anything to Su Ssi, I will tell her how much I appreciate her affectionate service, and how well I know that if I have accomplished anything as a missionary, it is because her hard working brown hands and those of her fellow servants and predecessors have relieved me of the household tasks that otherwise would have occupied all my time and strength. At the same time, if I am wise I will put the eggs and all other desirable and easily appropriable things under lock and key, leaving out only quantities sufficient for a day or two. This may seem distrustful and troublesome, but the strong probability is that it may save me a lasting grief in the discovery that I have trained up a hardened thief. In a way I stand in the place of God to Su Ssi. He considers her frame and remembers that she is made of easily tempted dust—and so must I.

With a change of name and detail, what I have written is true of an army of humble folks all over mission countries. I wonder if they know that they were remembered when the beautiful new Cathedral at Liverpool was planned, and a stained window was put in commemorating "Mary Rogers (stewardess of the 'Stella'), and all other faithful servants." However that may be, I thank God for the assurance that the names of very many are written in the Book of Life.

No one can claim with reason that housekeeping in the Orient is without its special difficulties. To begin, as some of us did, with a cook who had never seen a cookstove, a table or a piece of soap, who had no knowledge of white flour, sugar, butter, milk, lard, tea or coffee as cooking ingredients, would be a toilsome operation under any circumstances. But add to this ignorance of each other's language, reducing the possibility of intercommunication entirely to the realm of "signs and wonders," and the resultant situation is one from which only youth, buoyant, reckless and laughter-loving, can extract real pleasure. Fortunately such an experience, if it comes at all, is in the springtime of our missionary career, and if we fall upon trying times later on, it is well to remember that youth is not a matter of years but of spirit. By an effort of will we can keep with us a large measure of that early zest in overcoming difficulties and in bringing into be-

ing law and order where there was none before. And to the end of our lives we can cultivate what some one has so aptly termed the "saving grace" of humor that goes so far toward keeping us all cheerful and sane. Then when a green servant puts on a hot stove our one precious bit of solid silverware—a relic left from a remote ancestress—to weep itself away in silver tears, or deposits a hot teakettle on the one piece of furniture that we really prize, or digs up the asparagus bed that we have been coaxing into existence for a period of years, or commits any other of the long list of errors of judgment that might be compiled, we will be prepared to take it, if not joyfully, at least with equanimity.

Sometimes our friends in America are willing to grant us the luxury of servants in view of the necessity laid upon us to learn the language and accomplish something as missionaries, but they wonder why such a troop of them seems to be inevitable. And missionaries, too, have moments of despair when they wonder the same thing. One reason may be found in the fact that in the Orient the system of public service is either not developed at all, or very imperfectly so as compared with the Occident. Private servants must do for each household what people in more favored countries are accustomed to have done for them by public servants, animate and inanimate, such as the postman, the baker's

wagon, the grocer's boy, the woman's exchange, the telephone, telegraph, the trolley line, city waterworks, lighting companies, etc., etc. For instance, every drop of water for household uses may have to be carried half a mile in jars on the head or in tin cans suspended from a yoke borne on the shoulders. Or the currency of the country may be so small as to value and so large as to the individual piece, that when a missionary wants to do a little shopping, instead of putting a dollar bill or two in her pocketbook and sallying forth alone as she would in America, she is obliged to set out in what seems like considerable state, with a stout servant in attendance to carry her dollar's worth of money.

Another reason may be found in the fact that an oriental servant is apt to have a very definite idea as to what he will do and what he will not do. Specialization of labor—and not too much of it—is no new thing under the Eastern sun. When we first came to Korea, twenty-one years ago, we found ourselves provided, through the thoughtfulness of our friends, with three servants: a cook, a "boy" for general housework, and a gateman to bring water, cut wood, cultivate the garden and take general care of the premises. There were just two of us in a small house, and I felt that the three servants, between them, ought to be able to compass the washing and ironing. But because I insisted on this we lost our cook,

and I was obliged to take a green boy and train him into the work. Ten years later, with a family of six and four servants, we were treated to a long siege of sulks in the kitchen because I took the ground that a fifth servant would be superfluous. Now, with a mail box a few steps away, a Chinese boy from the general provision and dry-goods store, and the butcher's man coming every morning for orders, a community telephone and city waterworks, a new era has dawned and we are getting along very comfortably with two servants and extra help during the gardening season. They are both Christians, good personal friends, and are willing to accommodate each other. Otherwise it would not be an easy arrangement to maintain.

My chapter on missionary trials has come to a close without any mention of what many missionaries regard as the greatest trial that could fall to their lot. I mean the necessity for giving up the work and leaving the field, "exiled in the homeland," as one dear sufferer expressed it. Years of effort to adapt oneself to conditions in the Orient naturally tend to unfit one more or less for life in the homelands. We find ourselves out of touch with local happenings, our thoughts occupied with distant things of a sort not easily communicable to friends at home. The tremendous onrush of events in America, compared with the slow-moving East, makes us

sometimes feel uncertain of our ground, and almost timid. We are sometimes embarrassed by finding ourselves greatly overrated and looked up to as persons of peculiar sanctity by dear saints and household martyrs whose lives have consisted of daily self-renunciation far exceeding our own. Even in the matter of speech we may feel ourselves at a disadvantage because of the tendency of our own native vernacular to elude us, while instead oriental phrases suggest themselves.

In my experience all these things, except the matter of language, were more noticeable at the end of the first term of service. Succeeding furloughs find one's stable equilibrium restored and we are able to feel almost equally at home in either hemisphere. But always there is the abiding reminder, "So many workers for Christ here, so few there," to keep us from resting in the homeland. As miners flock to the place where gold is, so missionaries are most happy and at home where such rich treasures may be had for the seeking.

## CHAPTER III

### HOW BUSY IS THE MISSIONARY?

WHILE in America on furlough a missionary remarked on the delicious quality of the Rhode Island Red chicken which graced a friend's table, and spoke in contrast of the fowls which we get in Korea, which are foragers and scavengers all their lives and usually well toughened by the struggle for existence. A sharp-eyed friend across the table, who was evidently beholding a real live missionary for the first time, asked the question, "Why don't you keep chickens yourselves?" The following pages are an attempt to answer that question.

To get a comprehensive view of the work of a mission station, one might well wish to be a bird. As the little dwellers up aloft look down upon the activities of our station, these must take the form to them of a great kaleidoscopic wheel, radiating out in every direction from Pyeng Yang, revolving with the year and showing more or less of change with each month and season.

September is the month of meetings and the beginning of the yearly cycle. The first week is apt to find us busy preparing either to attend the

annual meeting or to entertain it. One recent meeting was held at Pyeng Yang, and for twelve days or so each of the nine households in the station entertained from five to twelve guests in addition to the members of their own families. This may sound burdensome to housekeepers at home, but some preparation in advance and plenty of faithful brown help in the kitchen at the time, leaves us all comparatively care free. We are crowded, of course, but nobody minds that. Sometimes nearly every room is a bedroom, and the "koangs" as well (rooms outside, used ordinarily for storing purposes). The single men guests are asked to bring their itinerating outfits of folding cots and bedding, and often other guests are asked to bring their own sheets, pillowcases and towels, or to contribute to the supply of spoons and napkins. Washstands are rigged up out of boxes, and all sorts of makeshifts are resorted to without explanation or apology. Suppose we do have to eat soup with an iron spoon from the kitchen, or drink out of a jelly tumbler, or take turns with several others in performing our ablutions in a tin hand basin on the top of a box! What are these things to people who have been cooped up for a year or longer in one mission station with hardly a glimpse of any faces besides their own? The place of the annual meeting becomes like Mecca to the pilgrim, and Mecca is all excitement, too, when the pilgrims

begin to arrive. Here come the dear familiar faces that have been with us for years, and the well-known garments with collars and sleeves remodeled from last season's fashion plates, or masquerading under a new shade that smells of the dye pot, but still easily recognizable as old acquaintances. And here are the new people just out, so hopeful and enthusiastic and up-to-date. We scan their features eagerly, one by one, for some signs of that peculiar fitness and adaptability that we have felt the need of ourselves, and some of us are taking notes of their pretty clothes with a view to working out improvements in our own wardrobes. Then there are the children, a troop of them, some nearly as high as their parents' shoulders, and coming on rapidly to the age when the question of their education—that specter which has sat at the family hearth all these years—can be thrust aside no longer, but must be faced resolutely. And the little ones, born during the year, brought up by their parents, like Samuel, to be offered to the Lord!

In the midst of all the pleasure and jolly banter of meeting, there is yet the ever-present suggestion of tears. Some whom we have been accustomed to see are not here. They have fallen in the harness, and in the faces of others a little of the brightness has given way to that look of steadfast endurance that says, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Gray hairs are more plentiful,

and in many young faces lines of responsibility and care begin to appear. For every one of us the year has had its burdens, problems and perplexities, but it has had its joys and triumphs as well, and constant proofs of God's keeping and conquering power. From every station we have been enabled to come, not empty handed, but bringing our sheaves with us, so that the dominant note is one of rejoicing.

Our annual meetings always begin deliberately with the administration of the Lord's Supper and the rite of infant baptism, and they are apt to conclude precipitately about ten days later in a midnight meeting when everybody is in a great hurry to get all the odds and ends of business despatched, and off on the train the next day. Each day's session is prefaced with an early prayer meeting, at about 6:45 A. M. The reading of the reports of all the stations and other general matters occupy the first few days. Then comes the real business of the meeting—the reports of the various committees. Matters of the greatest importance to the welfare of the mission are brought up, widely varying opinions as to the best course of procedure are stoutly maintained, yet when the question is called for and the vote taken, it is good to see how strong men whose whole hearts have been set on a certain measure can see their hopes go down and yield gracefully to the will of the majority. And if, in the heat of debate, the

harsh word is occasionally spoken, yet the manly word of apology is apt to follow, and we are all the better in the end for the little demonstration of what grace is able to do with these hearts of ours that are naturally so willful and contentious. I notice that every year finds us all a little mellower, a little more tolerant and less strenuous, more disposed to let the ark of God move along without officious offers of assistance.

When the annual meeting is over we scatter variously. All who can, attend the meetings of presbytery and General Assembly, the latter established for the first time in 1912. Then comes the meeting of the Presbyterian Council—a body composed of the four Presbyterian missions at work in Korea: American, North and South, Australian and Canadian. After this is the meeting of the General Evangelical Council, organized at the initiation of the union movement, and participated in by all the missionary bodies in the country except the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

In the meanwhile the fall work is getting under way. Local schools all over our territory are opening up for the term's work. Bright boys, the output of these local schools, come trooping in to begin their higher education in the Pyeng Yang Academy. The preliminary examinations have already been held, so that the worst strain of anxiety has been removed, but still they are

all atremble with the novelty of leaving home for the first time, of seeing the wonders of the metropolis, and of finding themselves actually enrolled in a school conducted on the far-famed Megook (American) plan. A little later the college opens and the full stress of work is on. Nearly one hundred boys in all besiege the self-help department for work in order to enable them to remain in school, and the shops are full of busy workers with hammer, plane and saw. Others are out making roads, and gathering in the crops from the school fields.

Every classroom is full and rooms in the theological seminary are in requisition to accommodate the overflow. This condition will be relieved as soon as the new college building is completed, and thereby hangs one reason why one family in the community did not keep chickens one year. All the plans, drawings and specifications of every kind for this building, a substantial three-story structure, had to be worked out, first in English and then in Korean, of evenings around the family lamp, or during spare moments snatched from other duties during the day. The missionary in charge, being also president of the institution, had been accustomed to give his attention to subjects astronomical or otherwise more or less celestial, and the geological studies to which his attention had been directed had not included under the head of earth formations the subject of

three-story brick college buildings. So nothing remained but to take up the task *de novo*, and an aggregate of many hours had to be put in in his study, hemmed in by huge volumes on architecture. After he had himself acquired some knowledge of the subject, the task was before him of instructing the contractor, a Korean who had never before attempted nor even seen so large a building. Later the new dormitories were begun, and a constant supervision of the two buildings had to be kept up in addition to a full burden of classroom-teaching, administrative and other duties.

What has been said about the boys' college and academy applies equally to the girls' academy. The same year when the other building operations were going on, the energies of those concerned were applied to the erection of a good two-story brick building to serve as dormitory for the girls and as residence for the women in charge.

In September begins the school for girls and women who cannot attend the academy, with three sessions a week. In October the Women's Bible Institute—in the work of which all the women of the station take part—resumes work with a Normal Class for Sunday-school teachers, followed by what is known as a Workers' Class. This class is attended by women from far beyond the limits of our territory, who come

to prepare themselves by a two weeks' course of training to teach country Bible classes during the year. One woman in attendance in one recent class walked a distance of three hundred and thirty-three miles over rough mountain roads, the journey consuming twenty days. She said she "had teaching to do and wanted to learn how." A few of these women are supported by the Korean church, but the majority of them are unpaid workers. In one year, from November till March, one hundred and eighty-seven women from this class held a total of one hundred and six country classes, attended by an aggregate of thirty-nine hundred and twenty women.

In October the itinerators, men and women, begin to scatter for the isolated country regions, where a missionary's visit is an occurrence long anticipated. These trips may be a week or they may be a month in length, and they are kept up until the station Bible classes in January demand the presence of the itinerators. Equipped with folding cots, bedding and sufficient tinned food to supplement the good cheer of the Korean hostesses, and accompanied by the indispensable "boy," whose duty it is to secure for them what measure of creature comfort he can, off they go, on foot, on horse or donkey, or in chairs swung on long poles and carried by coolies. Over high mountain passes they go, through

remote defiles of the hills, across deep rivers or flooded plains, anywhere and everywhere in the search for the lost sheep or the little flock of faithful Christians which has been huddling together on the mountain side, holding out against all foes as best they could while the shepherd was away.

All sorts of possible adventures await the itinerator. He may find himself in the way of robbers who are uncomfortably reckless as to who the victim of their demonstrations may be. In inhospitable regions he may be refused admittance to the inns, or he may be received late at night and put to lodge in a dark, cold room, where every available foot of floor space is already occupied by sleeping forms. His cot may be miles behind him on the pack load, or even if he has it, there may be no room to put it up. The comfort for the night of his fellow lodgers depends upon conserving the heat from their own bodies, so the one small door and window are tightly shut. Perhaps the coming of morning reveals the fact that the man beside him, who was so hot and restless during the night, is black and swollen with smallpox. Or the itinerator may lodge for a week in a little room eight feet square before he learns that it was vacated for him by a leper. He may be precipitated midstream into an icy current, miles away from the possibility of dry clothes, or he may be—and in all proba-

bility will be—devoured by vermin of a plenitude and variety well-nigh beyond the possibility of description or calculation. Be these things as they may, they are not remembered long when he approaches his destination and the people pour out to meet him along the way, from Grandfather Kim, dim of eye, and leaning like Jacob on his staff, down to little Sam Poki, who outruns them all, being unembarrassed by clothing or any sense of shame.

October, November and December are busy months for the itinerator, as well as from February on till the coming of hot weather. Last year in our country districts twenty-three hundred and fifty-one persons were received into the church, and thirty-two hundred and twenty-eight into the catechumenate. In nearly all of the two hundred and eighty-one country churches Bible training classes were held, either by the missionaries themselves, or by Koreans whom they had previously trained for the purpose.

The itinerator gets home for Christmas if he can, and during January he must be in Pyeng Yang, for during this month the station Bible training class for men, with an attendance last year of seven hundred and seventy-two, is held, lasting about ten days. Last year in addition to this class, the Men's Bible Institute occupied the whole month. The Institute holds a position midway between the ordinary training class of a

week or ten days' duration, and the theological seminary, covering a course of three school years. It is for the benefit of those men who are anxious to equip themselves for effective service as Christian workers, but cannot hope to take the full seminary course. Last year, its first session, one hundred and eighty-one men were in attendance. Only paucity of missionary teachers prevents the course from being extended to three months.

In February comes the Pyeng Yang city classes for both sexes. Last year saw an enrollment of two hundred and sixty-six men and four hundred and eighty-five women. These classes are held at the heathen New Year season, and were started at the earnest solicitation of the Christians, as a counterattraction to the idolatrous festivities that prevail at that time. When these classes are over the itinerators begin to scatter for the spring work and are usually at home only a few days at a time until late in May or June.

In March comes the general class for country women held in Pyeng Yang for ten days and attended last year by five hundred and thirty-two women. This is the parent class of all our training-class system for the women. How well I remember the first class that was held, thirteen years ago! Mrs. Graham Lee and I were the two women in the station who had been long enough on the field to take part in the teaching. We sent out the announcement with a heart for

any fate, having very little idea how many to expect, or what discouragements we might encounter. I remember we said to each other that if six women should come we would consider the class a success. When the proposition was put to the women of the city church that they should entertain the country women as their guests during the ten days of the class, they responded royally, and in a short time the entertainment of twenty visitors was pledged. It was a pleasure that is with me yet to be at that meeting and hear the testimonies as the pledges were being made. One drew a graphic picture of Christ's sufferings for us, and said it would be a pity if we could not deny ourselves to the extent of a little money in order that others might know more about him. One who had been redeemed from a long lifetime of wickedness said, "Here is a chance to do something pleasing to God and make ourselves more precious to him," and she sat down with tears streaming down her poor, sin-scarred face. Everybody had something to contribute and some word of praise to utter at the same time. Knowing how poor they all were from our standpoint, I had to wink hard to keep the tears back, and am not sure that I succeeded.

Having secured the assurance of entertainment, our next anxiety was lest the country women would not respond to the invitation, for it was a busy time of year for them. But they came

from all distances round about to the number of twenty-four. There were two, I remember, who walked a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. They started Monday morning and came trudging in toward evening on Saturday, looking weather-beaten and weary, but they had no word of complaint to make of the long, tiresome way. As one feeble, trembling old body, who had also walked far, said, "I was very tired, but I am so glad to get here that I do not feel it."

It has become an old story now, but I think I had never up to that time enjoyed any ten days more than those we spent with this class. We were both kept busy, for Mrs. Lee's baby was barely six weeks old, and my help in the kitchen was a green woman who didn't know beans when the bag was open. In addition to instruction in Scripture, I took the class for a half hour, morning and afternoon, in singing. We labored especially, I remember, over "Jesus, I my cross have taken," and Mrs. Lee told me afterwards that she never would feel discouraged again over the ability of the Koreans to learn to sing, because as she listened to the class—from the distance of her home, a few steps away—she had been able to recognize the tune quite easily at the end of the ten days!

Who could have foretold then that thirteen years later this feeble beginning would have swelled to a grand total for the year of one hun-

dred and twenty-five classes for women throughout the station territory? How wonderful have God's thoughts been unto us! Of this whole number, nineteen classes were taught wholly or in part by missionaries in person, and the remainder by women whom they had trained.

In March also, the three months' session of the theological seminary begins. In 1912 the theologues, one hundred and thirty-four strong, flocked into the city from all directions, anxious to be in their seats at the opening session. The teachers, too, are gathering in from north, south, east and west, for this is a pan-Presbyterian Seminary, being carried on by the four Presbyterian bodies at work in the country.

During the nine years of its existence, a total of fifty-eight men have been graduated, forty-eight of whom have been ordained and are occupying positions of usefulness. The place that the institution is taking through its graduates may be seen from the fact that it has representatives in eleven of the thirteen provinces of Korea, besides missionaries in Manchuria, Russia and the Isle of Quelpaerde. The teachers are all busy men who must lay down their other work in order to take up their duties in the seminary, and this accounts for the shortness of the term. The plan is to lengthen it as soon as a faculty can be provided.

During this month the long session of the

Women's Institute begins and continues for two months and a half. Eighty-nine women were in attendance this year. The mornings are occupied with Bible subjects, the afternoons with lectures, conferences and lessons in writing and the first principles of arithmetic, in order to enable the women to keep account of books received and sold, attendance at classes, travel expenses, etc.

May has been our month for graduations, and a very busy month it is with closing examinations, baccalaureate addresses, commencement exercises, alumni meetings, farewell meetings, etc. Koreans love pomp and circumstance, and all the forms and ceremonies incident to such occasions are greatly to their liking. Even the children from the primary schools are "graduated" with huge diplomas and considerable formal display. Last year one missionary was privileged to deliver an even one hundred diplomas to the boys and girls from the city primary schools, the young men and women of the academies and college, and the graduates from the Normal School for primary school-teachers. After commencement comes the usual drudgery incident to schools, of examining papers, making out reports to be sent to each pupil, bringing up all the accounts for the year, etc.

From the middle of May till the middle of June comes the language school for the new additions to the missionary force, and the older mission-

aries have a chance to feel young again in the presence of so much youth and enthusiasm. Uncle Remus' advice to "take yo' foot in yo' han' " here comes in well, for if any of the older missionaries are inclined to rest on their oars in the matter of the language, the rapid progress of some of these young people is enough to remind them that the race is not always to the first comers.

In June comes the Normal School for primary school-teachers, those humble men and women, presiding over little groups of boys and girls, crowded into ill-ventilated, ill-lighted rooms, and scattered all over our territory. In 1912 they numbered one hundred and eighty-six, with an attendance of thirty-seven hundred and sixty-five, and two hundred and ninety-six teachers.

The one glimpse for these men and women of the higher possibilities of their calling has come to them in the past through this normal class of a month. Now other classes of a similar nature —under the direction of local church officers and taught in many cases by those who have studied in this class, or by academy graduates—are being held throughout the country districts.

During this month comes the Officers' Class for the benefit of church officers, attended last year by two hundred and thirty-four men, and in June we must make up our personal reports for the year, to be presented to the station, from which

is made up the station report to be presented to the mission at its annual meeting.

The station medical work, although it means life and health to so many, is like death in that it has all seasons for its own. Year in and year out, every month in the year and every day in the month, the missionary doctor or his substitute must be at his post, ready to answer the call of distress. Often the other members of a station, each engrossed in his own particular work, have little idea of the strain and stress that comes upon the missionary physician in his daily practice. In many cases with no colleague at hand with whom he may counsel, no trained nurse to assist, and under the most unfavorable conditions, he must undertake operations which only specialists in America would attempt. His situation demands that he shall be a specialist in every line of medical endeavor, and unaided—except by God—he must assume responsibilities involving life and death.

Our station hospital reports an attendance for the last year of more than fifteen thousand patients. All these were taken care of for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars. The missionary doctor has a wonderful opportunity to influence grateful patients, and that the chances are improved is shown by the report from one mission hospital of a total of six hundred and twenty-six professed conversions during the year. It is very

true, however—as one doctor says in his report—that "the results of such work cannot be shown statistically." Seed is sown daily that may bear fruit later on and in some unexpected place.

A large proportion of the general activities of the station goes on regardless of times or seasons. The seven city churches with congregations totaling about four thousand, while very largely in the hands of Koreans, are still of necessity under missionary oversight, and a great deal of time is given to meetings of sessions, trustees and committees of every sort. Sermons must be prepared and preached, Sunday schools must be superintended and classes taught, Thanksgiving and Christmas programs must be arranged for, teachers' meetings, meetings of school boards and conferences with leaders from the country districts must be held. Outlines must be made out and hours of study given to preparation for the endless succession of classes. Upon the teachers in the academies and the college falls the burden of preparing to a very considerable extent the textbooks for use in the classrooms, and some of us must strip off our wings for the time being and sit down for long months to the task of working out textbooks from the English into Korean on such subjects as geography, physical geography, physics, physiology, botany, zoölogy, astronomy, etc. Fortunate it is that the pleasure of achieve-

ment common to the race, added to the pressing need, can make even such work a joy.

The mission and station machinery may move along smoothly and effectively, but to have it do so means time and work on the part of all concerned in the various committees.

The question at the beginning of this chapter, as to why we do not keep chickens, cannot be adequately answered without mentioning them. Situated as we are, on the through railroad line to St. Petersburg, visitors from all parts of the world, not to speak of other Korean missionaries on mission business, amount to a very considerable number in the course of the year.

July and August bring a change of occupation. Only the regular work goes on. The schools are not in session and no special classes are called. The heavy rains set in and calls from our Korean friends are infrequent. This is a good time for bringing things through the press with the burden entailed of reading proof; or for attacking the heap of unanswered letters that reproach us whenever we open our desks, some of them, perhaps, from dear friends and supporters of missions, who are inclined to feel almost hurt because they hear from us so seldom; or for writing that article that the board secretary asked us for months ago. For the housekeepers this is the time for putting up the fruit that our gardens yield so bountifully—strawberries, raspberries,

currants, gooseberries, cherries, apples and pears. With the consciousness of plenty of good things prepared in advance, we can sit down at the heads of our big tables full of guests at annual meeting time, or welcome the arrival of unexpected visitors from New Zealand or the Aleutian Islands, with a look of ease that is not assumed. This is a good time of year, too, for getting the sewing done for the children, and the annual repairs on our own wardrobes.

In July or August we take advantage of the rains and the heat to get away—if we can—for a short vacation. The favorite Pyeng Yang summer resort is the river. We secure the use of one of the native freight boats for a week or a month, as the case may be, erect upon it a shack with straw roof, walls of straw mats and muslin, and floors of rough boards covered with mats. One end—partitioned off and furnished with a charcoal pot and a supply of canned food and fresh vegetables—answers for the kitchen. There are folding cots for the older people, and a shakedown on the floor does for the children. With a crew of five brawny, half-naked fellows to pull us up the rapids and row where the river is deep, we start off for a week or two of enjoyment of the simple life. It must be confessed that some of the less conscientious of us yield to temptation and slip in a Korean dictionary or a pile of unanswered letters and a typewriter, but for the

most part we stock up on books and magazines that we have not had time for during the year. We take our way leisurely along, stopping at all the sand banks, and splashing in and out of the water at will. The children are soon able to swim like so many ducks, and all go barefooted when they want to, regardless of age, sex, or previous reputation for respectability. For one brief while we break away from the tyranny of the clock. We go to bed at dark and sleep as late in the morning as the mounting sun will allow. When the season is good, delicious trout just out of the river can be bought for a few cents, and we feast on them three times a day. Every point along the river gets to be familiar and beloved. Here is the spot where the baby fell in and was dived after so quickly by the older boys that he hardly had time to strike the water. Here are the Tiger Rapids, filling the air with their rush and roar. If our towline should break now, we would be whirled down on the rocks. The crew are in the water up to their waists, pulling and pushing with might and main, and shouting directions which nobody obeys. Over the edge of the boat leaps the missionary with the boys after him, and they add their strength to that of the straining crew. A long pull and a strong pull, and we are past the rocks on to the smooth, lakelike expanse beyond. Here is old Misty Mountain, the highest

point of all. From its rocky summit we see the country stretching away in every direction, mountains piled on mountains, with here and there the silver thread of the river winding in and out. It is easy to see now why Koreans love to refer to their country as "Sam Chun Li Kang San" (Three Thousand Li of Rivers and Mountains). A li is the Korean measure of distance, and is about one third of a mile. Farther on is the big cave with the ice-cold spring, and here we come to the little recess in the rocky face of the cliff where the hermit lives. Every night after dark his flickering light can be seen creeping along midway of the cliff, and stopping finally at the little cave, not much more than a good-sized shelf, where he keeps his lonely vigils. We have visited his retreat with tracts and gospels but never found him at home. Our laborious approach gives him plenty of warning, and it is quite likely that he prefers to be out when callers come. Pinned to the rocky walls of the little recess are prayers scrawled in Chinese on bits of tough native paper. What is he seeking for? Doubtless the same thing that all the rest of the world wants—power of some kind. He would like to be able to turn rocks into money at the touch, or to transport himself to immense distances at the mere expression of the wish. Or he may want to get rid of bodily ailments or to be avenged on his enemies. Whatever his desire,

the being that he courts is the Prince of Darkness and Evil. That Good can be stronger than Evil is a truth that enters with the gospel.

Often crowds of wild, rough-looking mountaineers hear of the approach of our fleet, and come down to the river to have a "koo kyung" (sight-see), and their remarks are sometimes interesting. "What makes them have such white skins?" one will ask. "It's because they drink cow's milk," comes the ready answer. "Did you ever hear of anything so disgusting?" Or, "Where are your daughters-in-law?" This addressed to the mother of three small sons, aged respectively eight, ten and twelve years.

Sometimes our Christian friends from the villages near by come to see us with the gift of some crab apples, or eggs or a chicken, and the request that we help out with their week-day prayer meeting or the Sunday service.

In the evenings we often gather in a circle on the sands and sing hymns, or tell stories and conundrums and play games. Or we renew our acquaintance with the summer heavens until great blue Vega tells us by bowing with slow grace toward the west that we ought to be in bed.

So the days go by till a growing chill in the air and the chirp of small friends in the grass warn us that September is near with its rush of meetings and school openings, and we must be getting back home to set our house in order and be ready

for whatever our share in the general activities may be.

It would be nice to keep chickens and have our own home-grown fries, but some of us tried it once, and discovered that to make a success of it took time and thought, so we gave it up.

## CHAPTER IV

### MISSIONARY DIVERSIONS, COMMUNITY LIFE, AND SOME OTHER MATTERS

A CHAPTER on missionaries at work is followed in natural sequence by a chapter on missionaries at play—if, indeed, the latter subject has not already intruded into the former in the description given of our summer outings. These days spent on the river are the most thoroughgoing and protracted play-spell that we take in Pyeng Yang, but they are not our only hours of diversion. To one in harmony with his surroundings, at rest with God, himself and his associates, and in a country like Korea, where the reward of effort is so speedy and bountiful, the work itself is a constant recreation. The tears of the sower have hardly time to flow till they are mingled with the shouts of the reaper.

Many comical things happen in our daily relations with our people which an ordinary sense of humor easily transmutes into relaxation. The story has been told many times of how, in the days of the first bicycles in Korea, Dr. M—— was rolling swiftly along one day when he met a farmer leading a bullock. Thinking to prevent the animal's

bolting from fright, Dr. M—— shouted, "Chappara! Chappara!" (Seize him! Seize him!) The farmer seeing only, as he thought, a foreigner helpless in the grip of a mad runaway monster, dropped the bullock's halter and manfully sprang to the relief of the missionary! There was fun in that, but something else too. It illustrated the strong trait of altruism in the Korean make-up, which has helped to gain easy entrance for the gospel, as well, perhaps, as the disposition to yield to authority cultivated in the lower classes by long ages of servile submission.

Until a few years ago the wonder-working devices of the dentist were entirely unknown. If teeth were troublesome they were unceremoniously knocked out, and sufferers from facial neuralgia often parted with all of a set of fine teeth in the attempt to find relief. This was the fate of a young woman named Mrs. E—— who used to attend my Sunday school. Her friends and acquaintances, in frank recognition of her toothless condition, added "ni bachin" to her name, so that she was familiarly known as "Mrs. E—— Whose Teeth Are Out." But one day a Japanese dentist opened up an office, and not long after, Mrs. E—— came into Sunday school with a mouth full of beautiful, shining white teeth. The opening exercises were already in progress, but everything had to be suspended while she went from one group to another with

lips spread to display her new treasures to the excited beholders. "Are they comfortable?" I asked. "Oh, not at all," she answered in a tone of perfect resignation, as much as to say, "How could anyone expect anything so beautiful to be comfortable too?" She told me afterwards that she always took them out when she ate, as they seemed to be very fragile.

A disposition to ways that are dark occasionally creeps out, and we have an opportunity to laugh first, even though we may feel obliged to frown later. One day, after my Wednesday afternoon Bible class was over, Mrs. Sin, the old deaconess, told me that, the day before, she had received an urgent message from Poong Mal, a place a few miles away, to come at once and cast out a devil. Gathering up this and that faithful sister, and armed with Bible and hymn book, they set out. Arrived at the place the women found that the family consisted of a mother and two sons, the elder a boy of eighteen who had begun to show an interest in Christianity, and had attended church services in Pyeng Yang for several successive Sundays. The mother, seeing the drift of things, declared that ancestral sacrifices always had been offered in her family, and always would be, and she would have no son who was otherwise minded. Let him get back to the only world he knew anything about, said she, and do according to its customs.

"Very well, mother," said the boy at last, goaded beyond endurance, "if you want me to do according to the fashion of this world, I will. Hand over what money you have and let me try my hand at gambling." Although the old lady protested that that sort of work would not do at all, he relieved her forcibly of all her spare cash, and hied him away to a gambling den, where he stayed until his capital was reduced to the sum of three poon (about three fifths of a cent). Returning home he threw himself on the floor and remained there, speechless and motionless, for hours. Then suddenly his whole expression changed, his face grew red and swollen, and rushing to the closet where the devil-garments were kept, he threw off his own clothes, arrayed himself in the fantastic garb prepared for the evil spirits, and running out to a plain near by, he leaped and danced and shouted, apparently in the full sweep of demoniacal frenzy. His poor old mother was frightened half out of her wits.

"Dear me," she cried, "this is worse than the Jesus-believing business. If he is going to act like this there is nothing to do but send for some of the Christians to cast out the demon." And this was the word which had reached old Sin Ssi.

When the women reached the place they found the house and yard full to overflowing with sightseers, and the opportunity was immediately seized upon to present the gospel. While they talked,

read, sang and prayed, the old lady sat in the corner of the room, too frightened and anxious to look up, but the son was observed to cast glances at her from time to time, at the same time suppressing a disposition to smile.

Presently old Sin Ssi, under cover of the crowd, made her way to his side and whispered in his ear, "Take fast hold of Jesus and don't let go." "Is letting go possible?" was the quick reply, and then he whispered in return: "Don't worry about me. I haven't got any devil. I'm just bringing mother around to my way of thinking!"

On this hint the rites of exorcism were brought to a close, the crowd dispersed and the women came away, feeling a comfortable hope, as old Sin Ssi said, that the family would all become Christians and some of the neighbors as well.

Here was a nice question of morals for the Christian teacher! I looked hard at old Sin Ssi's countenance, but it was inscrutable. She neither excused nor condemned. She simply told the tale. I opened my mouth to say something on the sin of deceit, and then the thought came to me of David and his feint of madness, and of Elisha and how he misled the hosts of the Syrians. It came not with any idea of excusing moral crookedness, but only with the comforting reflection that doubtless the Maker of man can get glory to himself even yet out of the devious ways of his creatures.

In mission stations composed of a very few people, where, as one missionary put it, nothing happens but the meals, the question of keeping Jack from becoming rather a dull boy sometimes becomes acute. All the stunts known are performed until everybody knows them by heart. If, by good Providence, pleasant country roads are within reach, they can be utilized for daily promenades, or if there is room in the station, and there are those who play tennis, a tennis court can be provided. I am told that the old temple is still pointed out at Moulmain where Judson and his wife used to go to play tag. I wish that this fact might have been mentioned in his biography. It is a pleasure to know that the "prince of missionaries" had his moments of human relaxation like the rest of us.

But, even after we have done all we can to enliven it, life in a small mission station is often greatly lacking in variety. Seasoned missionaries, deep in the diversion afforded by their work, care little for this fact, but it is apt to be hard on newcomers. It is a good thing if they can get off occasionally for visits to other stations, and move around for a while in another orbit, if not in a different orbit. But the best prop that one can build up for himself under such circumstances is to lay fast hold on God's promises, and resolutely cultivate a cheerful spirit that extracts sunshine from all conditions. The only thing absolutely essential

to the happiness of any of us is the presence of God, and that may be had for the taking.

Where the mission community is larger, the problem is comparatively easy. Here in Pyeng Yang, with a community of forty grown people and twenty-five children, there is apt to be enough diversion to keep us all from forgetting how to laugh. When anyone goes on furlough we get together and give what one small person calls "the parting kick." The program on such occasions is apt to consist of a series of take-offs representing our departing friends as they will appear in America, arrayed in garments of long-forgotten style, and making frantic efforts to keep out of the way of trolley cars and automobiles. Sometimes (this is confessed in the hope of forgiveness) even our much-respected board secretaries and other dignitaries are drafted in from the distance of thousands of miles to contribute to our fun.

When our friends return from furlough we are apt to give them a welcome reception, or as it is sometimes called, a pumping party, at which they are expected to relate the experiences, not grave, but gay, of the year. We hear at such times of people who thought that Korea is a town in northern Michigan, or one of the central American states, and of others who express astonishment at the appearance of the little towheads of the family, having expected that since they were

born in Korea, they would be oriental in color and cast of countenance. We quiz the returned travelers with regard to the trend of things in church and state, and one of our number always used to ask what the latest slang was, although he was never known to use slang himself. Perhaps it was the very horror of the subject that excited in him a morbid curiosity.

On Christmas Eve we have our suppers together and Santa Claus appears in a rig which fills the youthful beholders with awful delight. On the Fourth of July we spread a picnic supper on the grass and listen to the Declaration of Independence, and a patriotic speech, if we can get anyone to deliver it, prefaced and followed by firecrackers. On any of these festive occasions the community poet is likely to drop into verse, and sometimes we have charades at which missionaries, who have been accustomed to pass with the uninitiated as "awfully solemn," exhibit an unexpected weakness for fun, or break out on the spur of the moment into astonishing exhibitions of histrionic talent.

At the end of the term our little community school gives exhibitions on the order of similar occasions at home, and we listen with just the same pleased attention to our children's renditions of "Old Ironsides at Anchor Lay," or "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night," as parents do in the homeland.

Our children here in Pyeng Yang, with their little school and country surroundings, live a normal and happy life. They have their pleasures and rightful interests, as the following notice sent around the community a few days ago illustrates :

*GRAND AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION!*

*At the Foreign School*

*Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock.*

*STUPENDOUS CELEBRATION!*

The children who planted things in the spring will exhibit them in competition to-morrow. Come and see the result of their efforts.

Besides the exhibits of the children the entire community is requested to exhibit any garden or farm truck they may have raised, in any way, shape or manner, and blue ribbons will be given for the best, red for the second best.

The exhibits must be in to-night. No entries received after 1:15 Thursday.

*Rules:*—The exhibits must be marked by numbers, not by names. Anything that grows in our yards, from chestnuts to horse-radish, should be exhibited.

THE EXHIBITION OPENS PROMPTLY AT 4 P.M., THURSDAY. ADMISSION FREE TO ALL WHO LIKE CHILDREN OR VEGETABLES.

*By order of Committee.*

This notice reveals the fact that interest in our yards and gardens, or compounds as we call them out here, is not confined to the children. In fact, after the work itself, they constitute the greatest diversion we have. We are more happily situated than many missionaries in having our houses set, each one, in the midst of a small piece of ground, so that our householders have the privilege, like Goldsmith's hero, of combining in themselves the "three greatest characters on earth, those of priest, farmer and head of a family." To put the dull seed in the earth and watch it come up in all the glory of bud, leaf, flower and fruit, to watch the apple tree working so swiftly and noiselessly in the transformation of earth, air and water into the fall crop of luscious fruit, does much to keep us in touch with the original garden, besides supplying our tables with real luxuries at comparatively cheap rates. The Koreans are beginning to appreciate the superiority of American fruits, grains and vegetables over their own, and are forwarding through the missionaries orders for considerable amounts to leading seed houses in America.

When winter comes and the little river just back of our houses, and the big river not more than a mile away, are both frozen many inches deep and the hillsides packed hard with ice and snow, the joyous season of skating and coasting sets in, and children of an older growth look on

with envious eyes. Sometimes they are tempted to forget their years and dignity. Once upon a time (this happened a long time ago,—we are more staid now) a busy whisper circled around to the effect that Mrs. Z——, a respectable matron approaching middle age, had been seen perched upon a coaster behind her young son, and flying down the hill in front of her house at lightning speed. The deed was said to have been perpetrated at dusk and in her own yard, but in spite of these extenuating circumstances we were all disposed to feel a good deal scandalized. A few days later as we wended our way to the place of our afternoon prayer meeting, we passed the hillside where the children were coasting, and caught a fellow missionary (he was a newcomer) in the act of taking what the boys called a "belly-bumper" down the hill, his long legs streaming out behind. We turned our eyes away from the sight and went on into the meeting. Another missionary, a veteran this time, came in late and with the tails of his coat showing undeniable signs of having been dragged through the snow. The meeting was carried along and brought to a close with the usual decorum, but there was a rush immediately afterwards for the coasting place, and a moment later a blue streak of demoralized missionaries might have been seen whizzing down the hill and away off on the level field beyond. It was a sort of midwinter mad-

ness that overtook us. One gray-haired person was heard to remark that she had not had so much fun since she was a girl.

At annual meeting time or when the theological seminary is in session with its visiting professors, the devotees of baseball take advantage of the presence of a sufficient number in the community to get up games afternoons when the day's work is over, and enthusiasm runs high while the season lasts. The theologues often take part; in fact, all Koreans take up with games with the greatest enjoyment. There are not many things indirectly connected with our missionary efforts that gives me more pleasure than the thought that we have been able to open up to the Koreans the possibility of having honest, clean fun.

In communities which are shared by other foreigners, such as diplomatic corps, customs officials, merchants, etc., the question as to how much a missionary should participate in the little whirl of social functions that is apt to prevail, often becomes a very nice one. No one enjoys being considered a sort of hermit, the possessor of a long-faced piety that frowns upon harmless gayeties, yet how to join in at all and not be carried to a point where time, strength and money are absorbed to an undue degree, has puzzled many a missionary. Judson, at one time in his life, found the difficulty of preserving a

middle course so great that he withdrew altogether from all social functions. The sacrifice which this entailed to one possessing the brilliant social gifts which are said to have been his must have been very great, yet if it was the price of his highest usefulness as a missionary, it was doubtless willingly paid.

Any and all legitimate ways of finding relaxation, and a change from the ordinary routine, answer an excellent purpose in the missionary régime. People, who in the give and take of daily life have been tempted to mutual coldness and grudge-bearing, have been known with one look straight into each other's eyes and a hearty laugh to dispel all such mists and fogs for good. Of course it is possible, as said already, to overdo social occasions, to have them too often, or make too elaborate preparations for them, or even in the course of the fun to descend dangerously near to the verge of rowdyism, but the employment of an ordinary sense of propriety ought to prevent these things, and we can find in such occasions great exercise for that merriness of heart, which, according to excellent authority, "doeth good like a medicine," and constitutes "a continual feast."

The life of a small community like ours is very much, I fancy, such as exists under pioneer conditions anywhere. "Little kindnesses" are not "left undone or despised." One year when I

was particularly busy with the month of language teaching which happened to fall to my lot, in came a basket of bottled grape juice with the injunction to take it between meals lest I become overtired. When a farewell reception was given to one of our number, and a paper was sent around to the housekeepers asking for contributions to the refreshments, my name was omitted, as I afterwards learned, because of the extra work I was doing at the time. These are little things, but they serve to make life sweet. We know no distinctions, denominational or otherwise. Our mutual joys and sorrows are shared to an extent that dwellers at other than the outposts of civilization or Christian progress have long ceased to know. If one of our number falls ill, everyone else is ready with offers of assistance by day or night. What each one has is at the disposal of every other one as need may require, and when trying circumstances arise, we sustain each other as best we can. I well remember our last experience with the river steam launch in the days when our choice of ways to reach Seoul was to go overland on foot or pack pony, a week's journey, or by unspeakably dirty and uncomfortable coast steamers, thrust into a hole under the deck with a crowd of individuals of both sexes and any nationality, the ceiling so low that only the children could stand upright, and without food, bedding or toilet arrangements of any kind, except as we

supplied these ourselves. If all went well this journey lasted about two days. If the weather was rough, it was known to last nine days. On the occasion I speak of, we had made the trip to and from the annual meeting in much greater comfort than ever before, and had reached the last stage of the home journey, a couple of hours on the river steam launch from the port up to Pyeng Yang. But something went wrong and night overtook us, at a standstill in the middle of the river, about thirty miles from home. There were thirteen grown people in the party and six children. The boat was very small with accommodations only for day passengers. It was October and the nights were chilly. We made out some sort of supper from the scraps remaining in our luncheon baskets, and prepared to pass the night as comfortably as possible. The children were laid away on a narrow shelf which ran around one end of the cabin and the ladies in a tight row on the floor at this end, with their feet toward the center of the room, and the men in a similar row at the other end, with the most venerable pair in the company (none of us were much over forty) constituting a partition wall between. This pair was heard to remark the next morning, by the way, that they had never been so thoroughly kicked by their fellow missionaries as during the course of that night. The overflow disposed themselves as best they could, one on a heap of

mail sacks in a little hallway about three feet square, another, a Doctor of Divinity, on a ledge outside where he had just room for himself and a basket containing two little Maltese kittens and a can of condensed milk, the latter of which he administered at regular hours with the aid of a spoon, to the great satisfaction of the former.

The night passed some way. The older children rolled off at intervals from their shelf upon the prostrate forms below. One mother sat up most of the night and held a child who seemed in momentary danger of choking. Morning dawned with a heavy fog and everybody stiff and chilled. But one good sister, with a natural instinct for making other people comfortable, cleared space enough to start an alcohol lamp, and soon had us all warmed up with a cup apiece of hot cocoa, and a few hours later we were at home. It seems rather remarkable, as I look back at it now, that nobody was cross. Not even a difference of opinion arose, except a very mild difference as to the merits of whole wheat bread.

Before the time came to go to Seoul again, the Japanese were here with their good railroad running from one end of the country to the other, and the worst of anything in a physical way that could be called hardship was a thing of the past.

The two denominations represented here, Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal, have never

been like anything but a big kindly family in their mutual relations. People can hardly meet together year after year in Sunday services, weekly prayer meetings, and Bible conferences, and sit by each other's sick beds, and help to lay away the dead forms of each other's dear ones, and still maintain the fiction that the differences existing between them of dogma and church government, constitute an impassable barrier. True, there are occasional moments of stress when those of each denomination are likely to wag their respective heads, and affirm that the folks on the other side are splendid good people if they could only control their Korean helpers, or if they did not use so much money in the work, or if they did not want to claim the whole earth, but when it comes to the point of practical coöperation, nobody is found seriously wanting. Practical comity in territorial relations had its origin here, and it was on the proposition of union in the Pyeng Yang College and Academy, made by the Presbyterians to the Methodists five years ago, that the movement toward federation and coöperation, which has since spread so rapidly through the country, had its birth. Union of workers always calls for self-effacement, a willingness to step down from leadership, to lose oneself, if need be, in the larger number. It calls for a certain breadth and generousness of vision, which is able to account the ultimate good of the whole as of more importance

than the present advantage to any one section. The spirit of a partisan and a genuine willingness to coöperate with others cannot very well dwell together in the same bosom. It is wonderful to note how God is enabling people not only here in our small country, but the world over, to break the shell of sectarianism and come out into a larger room. Surely it means the hastening of that good time of the coming of his kingdom.

## CHAPTER V

### MISSIONARY JOYS

It is to be presumed that not many people seek the mission field with the idea of receiving compensation beyond a living wage for their labors, other than that word of approval which we all hope for from the lips of the Master. But in Korea God has been very gracious in the matter of rewards. They begin to pour in on us from the moment that we arrive in the warm welcome granted us by our people, and they are not wanting in any line of service.

The way of the itinerator might be called in some respects a weary way. He reaches the journey's end perhaps after a long, uncomfortable trip. The notice announcing his coming has miscarried and his people are not expecting him. The room is cold and the native fireplace refuses to fire up without the accompaniment of stifling smoke. But the word of his arrival soon reaches all in the village, and people pour in with all sorts of hospitable offers. Presently, when he is as comfortable as his friends can make him out of their poverty, they all sit down on the floor together, priest and people, and then the wonder-

ful life stories begin to come out. Mrs. Ok, a pleasant-faced girl, presents herself, with her husband, a number of years older than herself. He had accepted Christ, and she had followed his example, some years before, greatly to the displeasure of his parents, with whom they lived. When Sunday came the old folks would strip them of their clothes or send them off without breakfast for their walk of several miles to church. They did not mind the trip going, Mrs. Ok said, but on the way back they were sometimes very faint. Day after day they were harried until she would say to her husband: "Let's give Jesus up. He brings us nothing but trouble." But he would answer, "Even though we die we can't let Jesus go." When the persecution could no longer be borne they left home, her hand in his with nothing in the world but each other and the Saviour. A rich man in a neighboring community offered to board them for their services, and in one way and another the Lord prospered them. Praises to his Name!

The itinerator learns of old Mother Kim, through long years making daily wearisome pilgrimages to a Buddhist temple, and spending all her waking moments in mumbled prayer: "Na moo Amita Bool, Na moo Amita Bool" (I put my trust in Amita Buddha). One day two believing brethren made their way to her house and opened up to her darkened old mind the

main facts of the gospel. She was more than eighty years old, yet she seized on the words presented her as the truth of God. Spiritual sight was given her and she saw that the objects of her lifelong worship were vain and foolish. Her house was full of idols of every sort. She tore them from their nesting places and threw them out of the door, and for the three weeks of life that remained to her her steps were turned from the Buddhist temple to the house of God. Then one night the heavenly messenger came for her—so old in mortal years, so young in the kingdom—and at the moment of her passing from earth the neighbors outside saw with wonder something like a slender shaft of fire reaching from the straw roof of her hut up into fathomless space. "No one could help believing after that," the narrator concludes.

Two good old women, not able for much active work, but ever ready to spread the Good News, tell of a woman in a neighboring community to whom they had tried to explain the gospel. She was middle-aged and very ignorant, and not much that they said was clear to her, but it "sounded good," and she was inclined to think that it might be true, when she fell very sick. All her relatives were heathen and would not allow the Christians to enter the house. She was dying and for some time was thought to be dead. Then she revived and told the family gathered around her

that she had had a dream. She had been to the gate of heaven, when Jesus met her and asked why she had come unprepared, her sins unforgiven, her clothing in rags. She had no answer to make, and she woke to find that a few moments of time were still left her. She said to those around her: "I cannot see the Christians again, and I cannot remember all that they tried to teach me about the forgiveness of sins, and how to prepare my soul for the future life, but I will do the best I can. At least I will be clean." And much to the consternation of her attendants, who knew on the authority of all the ancients that to bathe a sick person meant sure death, she insisted on having a bath. Her hair was neatly combed and dressed and she was clad in her burial robes, which were new and clean. For several hours she rested comfortably and then passed quietly away. As long as she was conscious she was praying in a low voice: "Jesus, forgive my sins. Jesus, teach me the way. Open the gate and let me enter in." Her friends relented and would have sent for the Christians, but it was midnight and very stormy. The woman who told the story said, "Oh, if only one of us might have been there to show her the way and comfort her!" But the missionary, listening with wet eyes, felt sure that the Good Shepherd had been with her and she had not needed any other guide.

The itinerator's helper tells him of a ten days' contest with demons through which he and others of the church leaders have just passed. A young fellow in the neighborhood, becoming possessed of an evil spirit, had roamed naked about the hills, tearing up the earth from his father's grave. The church fathers gathered about him and offered prayer without ceasing for his relief, and on the tenth day, after a mighty struggle, the devils left him and he was restored to his right mind.

In the company is Mrs. Yang, who until a few months ago, every Sunday, walked a distance of seven miles to church, carrying on her back her helpless daughter, a girl of fourteen. They were full of praise and beguiled the way with hymns. Now the daughter, who for three years had been unable to walk, is entirely well, "not merely well enough to go to church," her mother says, "but able for all the active duties of life. Hananimeui eunhei yo" (It is all of God's grace).

If the itinerator is new and unversed in God's dealings with his little ones in the Orient, he may express incredulity at some of these stories, but no experienced missionary does so. Such instances in every variety of form come from too many quarters to be altogether the work of the imagination. Making all due allowance for the oriental disposition to exaggerate, there still exists a large residuum of truth which cannot be

gainsaid. God is still mighty, and to-day in Korea he works out his miracles of healing and of demon expulsion, and grants other visible manifestations of his presence as in the days when Christ walked among men; and for the same reason. Knowing the low estate of his little ones, their ignorance, their vicious surroundings, their exclusion from the ordinary helps to faith, does it not seem that he is unwilling one of them should perish for lack of an experimental demonstration of his love and power?

When at last the itinerator is left to himself—which is not soon, for apparently his visitors would like to sit up all night with him—he retires to rest on his folding cot and gets what sleep he can considering the presence of a motherly old hen in the corner of the room with a brood of chicks just out of the shell, and a couple of ponies a few steps away, who entertain a nipping and squealing dislike for each other, not to speak of swarms of vermin. Bright and early in the morning he hears his people in the courtyard, and they all go over to the little church, built since he was there before, and exhibited with such pride and affection. Every cent for its erection was contributed by the people themselves. Men and women alike worked, the men with saw and hammer, adze and plane, the women carrying on their heads all the floor boards and the tiles for the roof a distance of

more than three miles. Young matrons of twenty and old women of sixty, some of whom had never ventured so far before in their lives or been accustomed to carrying burdens, trudged back and forth with their loads, and there was such a crowd of them, and they were all so full of eager joy, that all was accomplished in a few hours.

The missionary has a busy day before him. Candidates for entrance to the catechumenate must be examined, and catechumens, who have been waiting for months or even longer for entrance into the church, must be catechised and passed upon as to their fitness. Sometimes there are defections and lapses into grievous sin in quarters where it was least expected, and the missionary is called upon to pass sentence of discipline upon those whom he has loved and trusted. The human element always looms large with all its frailty and possibility of error. Yet I have no question but that God, whose love is so much broader than the measure of our minds, will find a place in the heavenly home for many whom we, with the small measure of authority committed to us, do not feel justified in admitting to or retaining in the visible church.

The day's work comes to a close late at night. Early next morning the itinerator puts off to another appointment, where similar scenes are rehearsed. Onward he goes, toiling and rejoicing, and occasionally sorrowing, but recompensed

for his labors beyond the power of any tongue to tell.

People who are not on the list of itinerators—even missionary mothers, whose feet are not "set in a large room" as far as traveling about is concerned—are not denied occasional rich glimpses into changed hearts and lives. One day at the Wednesday afternoon Bible class and testimony meeting, which I held for years, an old woman known as Pobai Halmoni (Grandmother of Treasure) was in such haste to testify that she deprived us altogether of the last portion of Mrs. Pak's remarks. She said she wanted to tell everybody what grace had done for her in enabling her to control herself under very trying circumstances. It seemed that her son, who was not a Christian, had taken to himself a kesaing emi (public woman) after the death of his wife a year or two before, and all had gone on smoothly until lately, when his fancy roved to another. Then the trouble began. The woman fell upon him with fist and foot. She tore the clothes from his back, she stripped him of his most precious possessions —his hat, umbrella, shoes, his fine silk garments —and strewed them in shreds along the highway. Then she took her seat on the ground in the midst of the ruin she had wrought, and shouted out insulting things.

"She even went so far," said Pobai Halmoni, looking around impressively at the other women,

"as to intimate that we were nothing but butcher rascals, anyway!" Then she took stones and pelted the large earthen water jars, and altogether it was a very uproarious piece of business.

And how was the old woman, the head of the house, taking all this?

"What I wanted to do," said the Grandmother of Treasure, "was to go out and fight her with all my might. I wanted to take her by the shoulders and give her a good twisting, or batter her with stones from the roadside, and if all this had happened a few years ago, that is just what I would have done. But the thought came to me in time, 'What will the neighbors think if I should do such a thing? They would every one of them say, "Here is this old woman who professes to be a Christian, and just look at her pulling hair and throwing stones and screaming out abuse like any unbeliever!"' So I restrained myself and paid her no attention whatever, although the quieter I was the louder she yelled, and the more stones she threw. My inside was fluttering back and forth like a fan, but I didn't answer her a word. Even my little grandchildren standing about knew why I didn't go out and fight her. 'It's because grandmother is a Christian,' they said.

"We pacified her finally by giving her a house and lot and a pair of gold rings," the old lady concluded, "and all has been quiet since,

although my inside still flutters like a fan whenever I think of it. Of course she feels that she beat us completely, but I know that I am the real victor and I want to thank God for it. Nothing but his grace ever could have enabled me to keep still."

A chorus of assent went up from the other women, who all know Pobai Halmoni to be by nature a very testy and irritable old body. She it was who, on the occasion of the funeral of her son's wife a few years ago, yielded to pressure from the heathen relatives of the dead woman, and allowed paper money to be prepared for offering to the departed spirit at the funeral. The believing brethren and sisters, who had come to pay their respects, saw the heap of money and lost no time in expressing their disapproval by leaving the house in a body, whereat the old woman, forgetting all the proprieties of the occasion, abused them soundly at the top of her voice.

At another Wednesday meeting not long after, the Bible woman, old Sin Ssi, said she had something to bring up for consideration after the meeting was over, but she was so full of it that it all came out as soon as an opportunity was given for testimony. This was her story:

Away up in the mountains of north Korea is a high peak known as Sam Do Kan, or Three Province Space, from whose summit the traveler

is afforded a wide survey, not only of Pyeng Yang Province in which the mountain is situated, but also of three other provinces. Here on this wind-swept, lonely spot, clustered against the sunny side of sheltering rocks, lies a little hamlet of eleven houses. Of the families living in them, two were related. Let us call them the Ko and the Im family.

Year after year this little group of God's creatures had lived and died in the abject fear of evil spirits. But one day a young carpenter from a town in the valley below found his way up to the little hamlet in the pursuit of his calling, and as he wrought he told a wonderful story. He said there is One, stronger than any evil spirit, who could check them all when he would. This is none other than the Son of God, and as he and his Father had looked down upon a world of creatures, sinning, suffering and lost, out of their love and pity had come a very strange and gracious thing. They had agreed together that the Son should come to earth, sinless among sinful men, and should himself receive the punishment due to us, so that we, taking advantage of his atonement, could find our way to God.

An outcry of scorn and derision awaited the completion of the tale, but in the midst of it one man sat silent. Into his darkened heart flashed a ray of light. Although he did not know it, God had spoken to his soul, and he could never

again be as he had been before. From that moment Mr. Ko walked among the redeemed, but his sister-in-law's husband listened with a hard heart.

"Is this story true or not?" he thought. For his part, he thought not. At any rate, devil-worship had been good enough for his fathers and it was good enough for him. Let others run off if they liked after any crazy noise they might hear,—a devil-worshiper he would continue to be.

Time passed on and great trouble came upon the household of Mr. Im. Poor they had always been, and yet they had what they called enough, —space in the little room on which to crouch in the daytime and stretch out at night, a pair of chopsticks and a spoon, a rice pot, a change of garments and a little grain ahead. Even with so meager a portion they had not felt the pinch of discontent, for their little all was seasoned with mutual affection, and their only child was a son, a dutiful and healthy lad of ten.

They had looked forward with joy to the coming of another child into their home, hoping that heaven would again vouchsafe a son to wait upon them with sacrificial offerings when they should have entered into the realm of shades. And now the baby was here, but oh, the poor mother! Through what stress of mortal agony she had passed unaided, no one might know, but when it was over she was paralyzed from the waist down,

and worse than all the light of reason had fled. Mr. Im walked aimlessly about his little patch of stony ground or stared up at the unseeing skies like one dazed. What act of sacrifice or worship had he left undone that this calamity should come upon him? From whence should he draw fortitude to bear it, or was there nothing even yet that might be done to bring back health and reason? Perhaps if he summoned courage and wrote out a fierce objuration of the demons, and pasted it on the door, they might be induced to let the baby's mother alone. So he wrote out in big bold characters what by no means expressed all his feelings, and stuck this on the door, and waited anxiously for a change that did not come. Only a wild and vacant stare met him from the eyes that he loved. All day she sat or lay on the floor, unable to rise from her feet, and caring nothing for the household duties that had always occupied her time. Even when he placed the baby in her arms there was no answering sign of mother-love and recognition.

Springtime and harvest came and went, and the bitterest winter known for many years settled down over the bare peak of Sam Do Kan. Mr. Im had not been able to look properly after his crops, and he found himself at the beginning of winter with only a little broom corn between his family and starvation. Their clothing was in rags, and had it not been that the mountain side

furnished an abundance of brush for fuel, there would have been little to relate beyond this point. In some way the winter dragged by and found them still alive, but Mr. Im felt that the climax of misery had been reached. Hitherto he had joined with the other villagers in reviling his brother-in-law for listening to the words of the young carpenter, but now he sought him out.

"My situation is beyond all speech," he said. "What am I to do? If only the baby's mother had her reason I would ask nothing more."

Mr. Ko reached up to the little shelf and took down a well-worn Testament.

"Let us do as Christ did," he said simply. "You know when he was upon earth he cured people of all sorts of diseases, and cast out devils too. Maybe he will do this to-day if we trust him." And Mr. Im cried out from the depths of a broken heart that he would believe in him and worship him to the end of his days, if he would only grant this thing.

So they took the Testament and the hymn book and went over to the room where the poor woman sat. Kneeling at her side, they prayed and sang and read from the Word, and it really came to pass that her reason was restored to her.

Now the Committee of Missions for the whole Pyeng Yang field and the very much alive and active local society of the one Presbyterian church organization then existing in Pyeng Yang

City became active. Mr. Choi, once a priest of Buddha, but now glad to serve the Lord Jesus Christ in any capacity, was commissioned to canvass the country around Sam Do Kan in the interests of Christ's kingdom. Finding the people in lonely mountain regions more accessible to the gospel than the more urbane dwellers of the plains, he had penetrated deep defiles and valleys of the mountains, and had made his way to the top of Sam Do Kan.

On his return he was met by Mrs. Pak, wife of the Chinese teacher in the academy, with the polite inquiry as to whether he had had an enjoyable time. But he gravely suggested that there could be little pleasure when his eyes beheld poverty more dire than anything he had ever imagined. Then he described the home of Mr. Im, the little room scarcely more than four by eight feet, and bare of a cash worth of furnishing, the naked boy, the poor woman, absolutely unclothed except for a bunch of filthy rags, only a little broom corn in the house to eat, and yet happy in the Saviour and poring over his Word. Where they had secured the means to buy them, Mr. Choi could not conjecture, but they had a hymn book worth sixty cash (about three and one half cents), and a Testament worth two yang (about twelve cents), and the books showed signs of constant usage.

Mr. Choi said he felt that he could not forego

attendance upon the summer class for Christian workers which was then in session at Pyeng Yang, but as soon as it was over he wanted to go back to Sam Do Kan with substantial aid for Mr. Im and his family.

The word spread rapidly among the good Dorcases of the city church, and there was a great bustling about. This was the business which Sin Ssi wished to bring up before the Wednesday afternoon meeting, and her lips had hardly closed over the story when contributions of clothes and money began to pour in. In a very few moments the sum total of contributions, in addition to some things which had already been given, amounted to fifteen yang (about one dollar), besides a promised heap of half-worn garments.

The money was invested the next day in three pieces of minyung, a strong cotton cloth, much used by Koreans, and as soon as the class was over, Mr. Choi headed a relief expedition composed of a coolie loaded up with the cloth and garments, and two women of the Pyeng Yang church, who wanted to see with their own eyes the misery which he had described, and relieve it with their own hands. Thus they took up their way to Sam Do Kan, and there they stayed for a month, teaching and preaching as they could find or make opportunity.

Opportunities to comfort and bless come to all of us. One afternoon I had just composed myself

for those fifteen supine minutes which I like to snatch between the halves of the day, when the door of the room burst open without any ceremony, and in came a poor old woman, sorrow and hopelessness written on her face. It was the grandmother of Pilsooni, a little boy of two years, an only son, the center of all the family hopes, who had died a few weeks before after struggling for months with an attack of dysentery. In spite of all expostulations, his daily diet had consisted largely of green corn, cucumbers, crab apples and chestnuts—for the reason, all-sufficient with Korean parents, that "he wanted it." Now he was gone and grief lay heavy on all the family, especially the grandmother whose particular charge he had been. Tears were raining down her wrinkled face as she ran to the side of the couch and clasped my hand in hers.

"Tell me, is it true?" she said. "They say he will be grown up when I see him again. I won't know him if he is grown up. I would be afraid of him. I want to carry him on my back again and look over my shoulder into his little face. A hundred times a day I turn my head thinking surely he is there. Tell me that what they say isn't true."

I, too, knew what it was to long unspeakably for the weight of a dear little body and the pressure of a warm little head on my breast, and to listen for the patter of baby feet where there was

only silence. So I could sympathize with her. She was dirty and ill smelling, and I, to her, a person of uncanny complexion and of strange race, but as we wept in each other's arms we were conscious only of our common motherhood, and the blessed assurance that God would give us by and by all that we longed for.

Another happy moment was when one of the students in the academy told me that his wife said, after I had called on her in her little home, that I "was just like a loving-hearted old Korean woman." However that might seem to some of my fastidious friends in America, to me it was a precious compliment. Years of expatriation, and effort to project myself into the language, customs and feelings of another people, were richly repaid by that sentence.

One morning, just at the beginning of the opening exercises of the women's Sunday school which I had in charge, two of the good sisters came in with a third woman whom they seated close to my feet, so close that neither she nor I could move without touching each other. She was very young, not more than eighteen, with a beautiful baby boy six months old rolling about naked in her lap. The rest of us could not look at him without smiling, but her glance fell upon him with utter indifference. She sat looking down as if absorbed in some sort of inward contemplation, and after the service was over the

other women told me her story. Ever since the birth of her child she had been tormented by two devils, one a woman, and one a big boy, both well-known demoniacal characters to all Koreans. Every time she shut her eyes she could see them menacing her. All day and much of the night she sat with head bowed and eyes closed, unable to resist the terrible fascination which they exercised over her. When all the arts of the heathen exorcists had been tried without avail, some one suggested that she be taken down to the Christian village at the foot of the mountain.

"They say the devils don't stay where He is," they said to each other in whispers, for fear the devils might hear. So she was taken down to the church and sat among the worshipers and listened to the singing and prayers. The church sisters met and prayed over her and their efforts availed to the extent of banishing the boy demon, but the woman still remained with her. To go a step further and take her to where the missionaries were was next determined upon. So here she was.

I had never expected to play the rôle of exorcist of evil spirits, but my mind was made up in an instant that if I had any power, be it no more than mere animal magnetism, this poor creature should get the benefit of it. I drew her close to my side, stroked her shoulders and arms and held her hands in a close clasp. She looked up at me

dully, without the least change of countenance. The next Sunday the little scene was enacted as before, but on the third Sunday when I put my arm around her, her face relaxed into a smile. On the fourth Sunday she failed to appear, and when I asked after her I was told that she had gone home cured. Fine drawn psychological explanations as to what her complaint may have been were of little concern to her or myself. All we really knew or cared much about was that, whereas she had been oppressed and ill, she was now free and well, and we united in giving the glory to God.

It has been our privilege to see wonderful transformations of individual character. Mrs. Q—— was a young missionary who had been six weeks on the field. By one wile and another she succeeded in inducing a little group of street Arabs to meet at her home for a few moments every Sunday to learn hymns and Bible verses. They were as dirty and disgustingly unconventional as little mortals could well be, and none more so than Kapsooni, the dark and beetle-browed, who never, during the few weeks that Mrs. Q—— was able to meet with them, made any sort of response to her advances.

Years passed by and Kapsooni faded from her mind. Then there came a time when the missionary lay on a hospital bed, in one of the institutions provided by Christian benevolence in

America for suffering people in Korea. The doctor had done his work, and she was slowly coming back from the region of merciful darkness where she had lain for hours. As the long hours of the night drew on she was conscious of a brown-skinned angel in nurse cap and uniform, who appeared at her bedside at the slightest movement on her part, and moved noiselessly about the room, ministering to her comfort. That this skillful and faithful nurse could be the Kapsooni whom she had known seemed like a part of her dreams, but it was true.

E Keui Poong was a young tough lounging about the official headquarters in Pyeng Yang. One day he went with the crowd to have a look at the strange being who had come to town, it was said, to teach a new religion. He was certainly a curiosity, with his fair hair, dark clothes, businesslike stride, and disconcerting way of looking straight at you with eyes that were round instead of almond-shaped, and of an unheard-of color. The crowd was perfectly motionless with fear and wonder, but when the stranger turned his back and was walking rapidly away, E Keui Poong rose up cautiously from behind a wall and threw a stone at him. After a time he drifted to Wonsan, became a cook in a missionary household, and was gripped by the truth of the gospel. Through every stage of his upward progress from the catechumenate at the bottom of the ladder to

a position of seminary graduate and ordained minister at the top, he proved his faithfulness and ability, and when the church looked around for a representative to send as their first foreign missionary to the large island of Quelpaerde, he was chosen. At the farewell meeting given in his honor before he started for his field of labor, this incident of the stone-throwing was related by one of the speakers. A little laugh went around, but E Keui Poong sat with bowed head and face covered, the big tears dropping through his fingers to the ground.

Mrs. Ko was a widow with several small children. Some faith she must have had, for she attended Sunday school regularly, but there was hardly one among the women in my class who seemed more filthy of mind and body and sullen of temper. She, too, secured work in a mission household, and a change set in. She began to wash her hands and face occasionally, and a look of peace took the place of the old sullen frown. For a number of years now she has been filling the position of matron in a hospital in another station, a very useful and much respected person. Not long ago I was detained in that station over Sunday. I was not very well, and Mrs. Ko sought me out, looking as neat and happy as heart could wish. We sat together in the twilight, and she told me of her childhood home in Yellow Sea Province, of the old mother still

living there, and of the state of Christian faith of the various members of the family. She had her little red hymn book with her—the Korean Christians do not stir far without that—and presently she said, "Let us sing some hymns." So we sang several hymns of her selection. Then she said (and many a Christian in the homelands might have envied the ease with which the words fell from her lips), "Now let us have prayer together." We knelt in the gathering dusk and prayed, she first and I after her. I have with me yet the sense of strength and edification that accompanied her ministry.

Perhaps no one thing commends Christianity more to the heathen Korean than the change of mental attitude which it works as to the idea of death. Above all things else the non-Christian Korean dreads the last great change. He avoids the very word, preferring euphemistic substitutes such as "going back," "bidding the world farewell," etc., and when he sees death approaching, he will slip away and leave his closest friend or nearest relative to pass away alone. But Christianity changes all this. The power of the dreaded monster is gone and he becomes the good friend, opening up to the soul the gates of life eternal.

Several years ago a woman living near by gave birth to a little daughter. No Korean woman has proper care at such times. The weather was

very cold and she contracted pneumonia. For nine days she crouched or half reclined on the floor, unable to lie down for the pain, and on the tenth day she passed away. She had been a very ordinary woman, unable to read and too busy to attempt to learn, but it was touching to see the simple dignity with which she set her poor little affairs in order and prepared to meet the final change. She told her husband not to mourn for her but to think of her in glory with the little son who had gone on some time before. The baby daughter she committed to him with the charge to love her as fondly and educate her as carefully as if she had been a boy. She sent her grateful thanks to me for some grape juice and canned raspberries which I had sent over to her, and asked that her portion of the winter's supply of kimchi, a native sauerkraut, which she had toiled to make and which she would have eaten had she lived, might be sent to us in return. And with perfect quietness and fearlessness she passed over the border into the Heavenly Land.

Cho Ssi was a young woman, a patient in a mission hospital. She was a great sufferer, and for some time very rebellious and unreconciled to God's will for her. She cried and beat her breast with her fists, saying that she did not want to die, she wanted to get well and walk like other people. Words of love and comfort were spoken

to her, directing her to the Healer of all illnesses, and she was left to think about it. The next morning, when the nurse in charge visited the ward, she looked up with face all glorified and said: "Oh, pouin, I am so happy! My body is suffering, but my heart is clean and at peace. I am going home to my heavenly Father very soon, and, pouin, I am going to tell him how kind you and all the hospital helpers (naming each one) were to me. I am going to ask him to bless this work and everybody that helped keep me here so long." She lived only a few days longer, but was always happy and at peace.

The report of the trained nurse from which this incident was taken tells this also:

"One of our little day-school pupils came to the hospital very ill, but after a few days we had hope for her recovery. The mother, however, was troubled because she ate so little, and took advantage of the momentary absence of the attendant to give her solid food. She became violently ill. The mother, realizing her mistake, wept bitterly, and begged for her life, but nothing could be done for her and she died two days later. Just before the end came, little Undoki looked up into her mother's face and pulling her hands away from her eyes, said: 'Don't weep, mother, it is all right, for I am going to see Jesus. Look, mother, he is right here. Don't you see his hands reaching for mine? He has

something so sweet for me. He wants me to come. See, mother, he is right here, and has my hands and I must go. Don't weep.' Her little hands, which she had extended to grasp those of the Master, dropped, for she had gone with him. For some time we sat in silence with heads bowed. We could not see the Master, but we all felt his presence with us."

A few days ago I sat for a while beside the bedside of one of our most promising college graduates, a splendid young fellow of fine physique and excellent gifts of mind and heart. We had hoped for great things from him and he had been making good in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association in Tokio, looking after the spiritual welfare of the Korean young men who are taking an education in Japan. But the "white plague," which takes such heavy toll of this people, had claimed him, and he had come home to die. As I entered everything was very still about the place. The dooryard was swept clean and bare about the steps, but flaunted a brave outside fringe of late nasturtiums and dahlias, all flooded with October sunshine. On the doorstep a pair of beautiful shoes of black and white kid indicated the little room which he occupied. I announced my presence by coughing outside the room, in the Korean way, and he opened the door for me. He was still able to get about a little, but the big frame

was wasted away, and the eyes were bright with fever. His voice was gone, but he whispered a welcome, and motioned me to a seat on the floor beside his pallet. We had a few words together, cheerful and comfortable words, and a few sentences of prayer. There was no repining, no foreboding. It was autumn in the little room, as well as outside, but the promise of the resurrection in that fair "Spring of springs" was present and sure. How different it might have been with him! I thought of the black darkness into which the heathen soul takes its faltering way, of the loud wailings, the tearing of the hair and the setting of the teeth in the flesh with which the hopeless grief of relatives is expressed. And I felt glad that the gospel has come to Korea.

When all is said and done, there is no life more richly and radiantly blessed than that of the missionary. It is a great thing to be on the firing line, shoulder to shoulder with the Lord of Hosts, one with him in the victorious effort to clear the way for the young Bride of Christ, and to stand aside, as it were, and watch her as she comes up out of the dark wilderness where all her past has been spent, clad in her beautiful garments and leaning upon her Beloved.

## Date Due